The Messenger

WORLD'S GREATEST NEGRO MONTHLY

MAY, 1926

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18 98
19 26

$39,615,851

NEW INSURANCE ISSUED

1924

NEW POLICIES ISSUED
144,929

NEW INSURANCE ISSUED
$28,138,944.00

PREMIUM INCOME
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1925

NEW POLICIES ISSUED
205,333

NEW INSURANCE ISSUED
$39,615,851.00

PREMIUM INCOME
$2,021,366.80

DEATH CLAIMS PAID
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HEALTH AND DISABILITY CLAIMS PAID
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The Messenger

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CONTENTS

	Page
A Page of Verse	132
Poopie, a short story by Henry F. Downing	133
Economic Value of The Phillipines	137
The Letters of Davy Carr	139
Shafts and Darts. By Geo. S. Schuyler	143
Editorials	144
The Critic by J. A. Rogers	146
Oklahoma—The Land of the Fair God. By W. H. Twine	147
Sports. By Dr. F. B. Henderson	149
The Theatre. By Theophilus Lewis	150
An Expose of the Employee Representation Plan. By Ashley L. Totten	151
Book Reviews. By Wallace Thurman	154

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Writers Attention!

The editors of The Messenger desire short stories of Negro life and will pay liberally for those found available for publication. Stories of love or adventure are preferred but no type of good story is barred.

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Stories of from 2,000 to 4,000 words are most desired.

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Howard University, Washington, D. C.

A PAGE OF VERSE

Minnie Sings Her Blues

Cabaret, cabaret!
That's where my man and me go.
Cabaret, cabaret!
That's where we go,—
Leaves de snow outside
And our troubles at de do'.

Jazz band, jazz band!
My man and me dance.
When I cuddles up to him
No other girl's got a chance.

Baby, babe,
I'm midnight mad.
If daddy didn't love me
It sho' would be sad.

If my man didn't love me
I'd go away.
Oh! If he didn't love me
I'd go away
And dig me a grave this very day

Blues . . . blues!
Blue blue-blues!
I'd sho have dem blues.

LANGSTON HUGHES.

Solitude

Down on the farm, on a still, dark night;
Down by the brook, in the dull twilight;
Brooding alone, with no one in sight;
I called it solitude.

But when you came, I knew no more
Of this sad dreaming, as before,
And soon, of you, I did implore,
For life-long happiness.

Then came the best days; you were mine;
I called this surging love divine;
But ere I knew you could repine,
You went away.

And now, down on the farm at night,
And by the brook at dull twilight,
Brooding alone, no one in sight,
I know is solitude.

JAMES MICKLES.

Brothers

His mother bore another son
While he was far away.
He knew not his own brother
When he returned one day.

The world in which we live's like that:
Each man is sure a brother
But being for so long estranged
They know not one another.

EDWARD SILVERA.

Life

When nights grow long
Then days grow shorter:
This life of mine,
So young, so new—
This life of mine grows shorter, too.

EDWARD SILVERA.

Creation

A flush, a curve, a wind that blows—
A breath of life, 'twas called a rose.

A little sorrow and joy in part,
A breath of love, 'twas called a heart.

A heart, a rose, God took those two,
He wove them together; He called them you.

—AQUAH LALUH.

POOPIE

By HENRY F. DOWNING

King Boyah, Paramount Lord of Bakota Land, seated himself on his golden stool, which his obedient slaves had placed in the center of the expansive palaver ground of his large and populous capitol city. His head fighting-men and several of his chief officials, all of whom had escorted him from his compound, arranged themselves behind him, while his Taster[1], also his Scratcher[2], stood close behind him, the former at his right, the latter at his left.

The king nodded smilingly to a group of boys, Devil Bush scholars, who, a few minutes before his arrival, had squatted themselves in a half circle before the golden stool, and with their naked backs turned towards a host of Bakota's common folk assembled further afield. Soon a tom-tom sounded; and as its rumble broke the silence all present fixed their gaze expectantly upon a tall circular fence inclosing the Devil Bush[3], wherein Bamba, Big Devilman, was taking his ease inside his Sacred Hut.

When the rumble of the tom-tom reached Bamba's ears he frowned heavily. Muttering impatiently he reluctantly withdrew his naked feet from warming them in the ashes of a dull fire, which was smouldering in the center of the hut, on its hardened clay floor, and arose. He stretched himself lazily, yawning big, then proceeded to decorate himself to play his part in the forthcoming function which he had arranged to take place for the amusing of the king. He placed a string of leopard's teeth around his age-shrivelled neck; covered his loins with a sort of petticoat made of fibre, and fringed with long tails; crowned his head with a grotesque-looking bonnet, partly hiding his face, ornamented with feathers, tiny fetiches, charms and many other strange-looking things. This done, he snatched up two long wands with big bunches of long feathers at their ends. He admired himself in a looking-glass, evidently "Made in Germany," one of his most valued treasures; then, seemingly much pleased by what the glass had told him he turned from it, passed out of the hut, and out of the inclosure.

Jumping, twisting and contorting his chalked body, all the while awesomely watched by the assembled people, Bamba danced his way across to the palaver ground and up to before Boyah, where he halted. He bowed to the sable monarch, making a genuflection. He then raised his wands on high and, meanwhile gazing upwards towards the quickly sinking sun, invoked the Bakota fetich to shower all kinds of blessings down upon Boyah and all his subjects. This compulsory duty performed he lowered his wands. He capered before Boyah; then quieting himself and assuming an impressive attitude, he shook his masqued head at Boyah and cried:

"Oh, great King, peace!"

"Peace, Big Devilman!" responded the king, gravely.

"Bakota Lion," continued Bamba, "Devil Bush boy will make you glad too much!"

"Good!" ejaculated the dusky monarch. "Boyah is hungry too much to be made glad!"

"Bamba is Boyah's fa—" began the Devilman.

"Big Devilman's mouth spills words plenty too much!" interrupted the Taster, impatient for the play to begin.

"Big Devilman will do!" joined in the Scratcher, determined not to be outdone by his rival for Boyah's favor.

"Big Devilman will do!" yelled the people.

"G-r-r!" snarled Bamba at the yelling crowd, frightening it into silence; he then waved his wands at the Devil Bush scholars and one of them, about sixteen years of age, all decked out in savage finery, came from amongst his companions into the open space. He approached Boyah and halted before him.

"Oh, Big King!" cried the lad, after bowing to Boyah, "I am Whreabo, son of Boyah's wife Tittsee."

"Good!" responded the king.

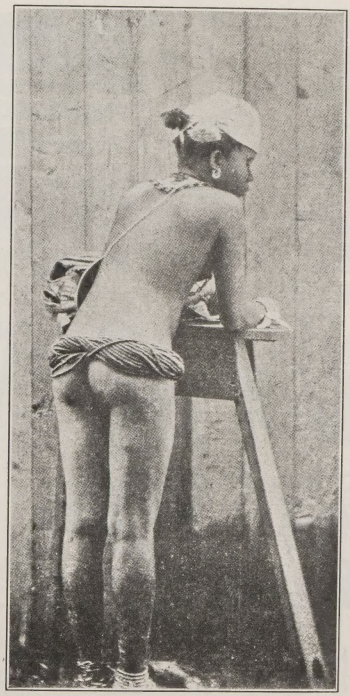
"Whreabo," continued the lad, "is Devil Bush Story-teller, Whreabo's mouth is full!"

"Good!" repeated the king. "Whreabo will empty his mouth into my ears. If your story makes me glad I shall make you glad too much!"

Whreabo was so pleased by the king's promise that he grinned and did a few dance steps suggestive of The Charleston; meanwhile Boyah, frowning at Bamba, sternly said:

"Devilman, if Whreabo's story makes me sorry I shall make you sorry plenty!"

Bamba unperturbed by the king's threat smiled confidently; he then waved his wands at the lad, who had stopped dancing, and cried:



"POOPIE"

"Whreabo will do! If Whreabo's story does not make great Boyah glad Bamba will make Whreabo eat dirt. Whreabo will do!"

"Whreabo's mouth has not learned to eat dirt," retorted the lad, evidently unafraid. He again bowed to Boyah; then assumed an imposing attitude, which Bamba had been at much pains to teach to him, and began telling his story.

"Great King," cried he, snapping his fingers at Boyah,

"Obomo was a poor king. He had only a few fighting-men, only a few goats and sheep, only a few cows; his grain-house contained not much rice, he had only a few wives; but his daughter, the Princess Poopie made him forget his poverty. O, King, Poopie was beautiful plenty!"

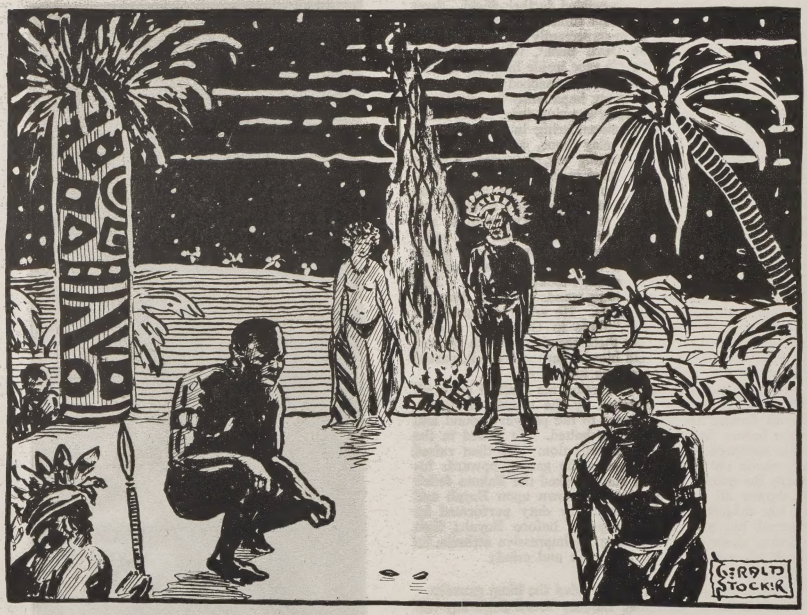
"Wow!" exclaimed Boyah, and he glanced discontentedly at his head-wife who was ugly as sin.

"And the story of Poopie's big beauty," continued the lad, "travelled into many countries until it reached the ears of Mitsu, King of the Brutoo, and the ears of Angwie, King of the Hanta. King Mitsu had many wives but all of them were stale, so he wanted Poopie for his wife because she was fresh as well as beautiful. And King Angwie had many stale wives, so he too wanted Poopie. Each of these kings tried to buy Poopie from Obomo, each offered him many cows, many sheep, many goats, many slaves—"

"Bamba will ask fetich," said the Devilman.

"Good!" returned the king; and nodding at Whreabo he cried, "My ears are open big!" and the lad, obeying the king's nod, went on:

"King Mitsu's country was close to Obomo's country, King Angwie's country was close to Obomo's too. Each of these kings was rich too much, and each of them had plenty fightingmen; and Obomo was afraid that if he sold Poopie to either of them the other would become mad plenty and bring a big war into his country, and devour him and his people. Obomo's head was full of don't what to do, for many days; but, at last, his witch-doctor filled his ears with cunning and he made do. He called a big palaver at which he made a law that King Mitsu and King Angwie, either personally, or their duly appointed Champions representing them, must gamble against each other, the winner at the gamble to take Poopie as his prize. The two kings agreed to Obomo's



MWAMBA GAMBLES WITH WAUPAU.

"And did the two kings," interrupted Boyah, "offer no gin to Obomo?"

"O, King," cried Bamba, answering for his pupil, "in the days of Mitsu and Angwie white men had not begun making black men good, consequently the mouths of the two kings, and the mouths of all their people, were clean of gin."

"Fetich was good to the two kings," said Boyah. Shaking his head, he sadly added: "What's the matter fetich he no keep white men in his own country now, why does he let white man come into Bakota Land and spoil my people?"

"Bamba's head is empty of know," replied the Devilman.

Boyah grunted with dissatisfaction. He scowled blackly at the Devilman and commanded him to "fill his head with know."

law and the day set for the gamble to begin soon came.

"Obomo's palaver ground was big," continued the lad, after pausing a moment to take a bite from a kola nut. "A square platform with open sides and no roof stood in its center, and standing upright at each of its corners was a big stick painted red and covered with fetiches and charms. A fetichman was squatted on his heels close to each post, they held long feather-decorated wands in their hands and their naked bodies were colored red and white with chalk. Two of these fetichmen were Wisemen from King Mitsu's town; the other two were Wisemen from King Angwie's town. Mwamba, Mitsu's brother and Champion, Waupau, Angwie's Champion, both of them naked, except for cloths covering their loins, were squatting in the center of the floor of the platform. The Champions were facing each other. The Princess Poopie, fresh from the Gree Gree Bush,[4] was seated on a high

stool at one side of the platform, on its floor, where the Champions could see her plenty, and she could see them. A small horn[5] was hanging from her neck, a narrow beaded belt was around her waist, and pendant from the front of the belt was a tiny bell which tingled when she moved; otherwise, Poopie's beauty, except for white chalk smeared upon her skin, was uncovered. O, Poopie was good to look at too much!"

"Good!" grunted Boyah, and again he gave a discontented glance at his head wife, causing her to make up her mind to give him "medicine" which would compel him to think her another Poopie.

"Obomo, spear in hand," continued Whreabo, "stood close to the beautiful prize. Ten Brutoo fightingmen were on the ground, close to the platform on Mwamba's side; ten Hanta fightingmen were on the ground at Waupau's side. All the fightingmen were armed with big spears, and they carried big shields made of bush-cow hide."

Whreabo here broke off to kill a big ground-bug that was crawling towards his naked feet, and Boyah, annoyed that the story was interrupted, exclaimed impatiently. He scowled at Whreabo, and cried:

"Devil Bush boy will tell story one time! Boyah is hungry to know which of the two kings won Poopie."

"O, great King," intervened Bamba, "he who kills hungry slowly never becomes sick on his inside."

Evidently, Boyah was anything but pleased by the Devilman's delicately given reproof, for he scowled at him blackly, and if he had been less eager to hear the remainder of Whreabo's tale probably his anger would have flamed into scorching words. As it was, he controlled his rage and growled a command to the lad to go on with his tale.

"Maybe you have better know next time!" cried Whreabo to the bug, as he crushed the life out of it with his foot; then, resuming his story, he went on: "Mwamba shook two cowries in the hollow formed by his hands joined together. He cast the cowries to the hard clay floor, Waupau cast them, and his throw being the bigger he won. And so the game was begun, and so it was continued. Mwamba lost and lost: he lost all of King Mitsu's cows, lost all King Mitsu's sheep, all his goats, his rice and corn, lost all King Mitsu's slaves—Mwamba lost plenty too much!"

"Mwamba lost plenty too much!" chorused Whreabo's fellow scholars, led by the Devilman.

"Wow!" cried Boyah excitedly; and his officials, his wives and the assembled people echoed his cry.

Pleased by this general applause Whreabo showed all of his splendid white teeth in an expansive grin; then, obeying a nod from impatient Boyah, continuing his tale he went on:

"When the Brutoo fightingmen saw that Mwamba was losing all King Mitsu's wealth they became sorry too much, and they groaned and groaned; then mad got into their heads and they shook their spears angrily at Mwamba, and they shouted bad names at him: called him cat! called him toad! Mwamba didn't like these bad names. He made angry eyes at the fightingmen. He wanted to shout bad names at the fightingmen too, but was afraid to do so. It was against the law of the gamble for either of the Champions to make talk-palaver to any person other than his opponent, and to him only about the gamble. But he shook his head angrily at the fightingmen; then he turned to Obomo, nodded to him and grunted big:

"Obomo had plenty know in his head, so he knew what the Brutoo Champion wanted him to do, and he did it one time. He shook his spear hard at the fightingmen until they hushed; then, making his voice big, he shouted:

"'Brutoo warriors, your mouths shoot out too much wind! Your words make Obomo's ears sick!' The beautiful Poopie—she liked Mwamba and was sorry for him—broke out. She worked her fingers threateningly at the fightingmen, and screamed:

"'Chicken-hearted Brutoos, swallow your mad!—tie up your mouths!'

"Obomos's and Poopie's words so cleaned the mad out of the Brutoo's heads that they shouted good words to Mwamba: they now called him lion! called him big elephant! This done, they gave black looks to the Hanta fightingmen, whose faces were full of glad, and shook their spears at them fiercely.

"Mwamba then gave a thank-you look to Obomo, gave a smile to Poopie which made her insides feel funny; he then made an ugly face at Waupau, who was softly singing a joy song.

"'Hanta dog,' cried he, 'Mwamba is a lion! Mwamba is a big chief!'

"'Mwamba is an old woman!' retorted Waupau, trying to make his voice bigger than Mwamba's.

"'Pouf!' cried Mwamba to Waupau.

"'Pouf!' cried Waupau to Mwamba.

"The Champions were vexed plenty. They yelled bad words at each other until the fetichmen, waving their wands, screamed to them:

"'Too much palaver! Gamble! Gamble!'

"'Mwamba will gamble,' cried the Brutoo Champion, nodding to the fetichmen; he then glared ugly at Waupau, and cried:

"'Waupau, Mwamba will gamble his right leg against your right leg—Hanta cast the cowries!'

"'No!' cried the Hanta, afraid plenty. 'Waupau wants to keep his right leg—Waupau wants to keep both of his legs!'

"'Has afraid got hold of Waupau?' said Mwamba scornfully.

"'Afraid has not got hold of Waupau,' returned the Hanta. 'Waupau wants to keep his legs so when he goes to war he may fight plenty or run away. Waupau will not gamble his right leg!'

"'Mwamba has spoken!' cried the Brutoo Champion.

"'No!' screamed Waupau.

"'Witch will decide?' cried Mwamba, nodding to the fetichmen.

"'It is the law! It is the law!' cried the fetichmen solemnly, as they waved their wands and nodded their heads wisely. 'Waupau will obey the law!'

"'Waupau will gamble,' said the Hanta, mad in his face, and he cast the cowries to the floor.

"Mwamba lost his right leg, he lost his left leg, lost both of his arms and his hands, he lost and lost until he had nothing left to gamble but his head. And the Brutoo fightingmen again were sorry too much, and again they groaned and moaned; but the Hanta fightingmen, proud plenty, made glad faces, glad shouts.

"And, meanwhile this palaver was going on the sun went to its bed behind the hills. Mist covered the palaver ground. It quickly passed away and all the place was dark. Then the moon, round and big, showed its face, bright like silver, and one by one the stars came out until they became so thick they seemed to be touching each other in the heavens. Many torches were lighted, and as they flared big in the hands of many slaves, stationed close to the platform, Mwamba, now mad plenty, scowled at Waupau, and cried:

"'Hanta, Mwamba will gamble his head!'

"'Wow!' cried the Hanta Champion, glaring at Mwamba.

"Obomo, the fightingmen, the fetichmen, and all the others stared big at Mwamba; and Poopie, her black face turning the color of wood-ashes, gave a loud scream.

"When Mwamba heard Poopie's scream he knew she liked him plenty and his heart grew big to win the gamble. He gave the Princess a nod and smile, then turned to wondering Waupau and cried:

"'Waupau, Mwamba's head is worth more than your head together with all you have won. Mwamba gambles his head against Waupau's head and all Waupau has won. Mwamba has spoken!'

"'Waupau will not gamble his head,' growled the Hanta, sweating with afraid.

"'Waupau's blood is water, it is water!' cried the people angrily, pointing their fingers at the Hanta Champion; and the fetichmen, waving their wands and shaking their heads excitedly, cried:

"'Obey the law! Obey the law!'

"Waupau knew that if he broke the law he would have to run away and join the Nynnegies,[6] or lose his head for true. He was sure if he tried to run away he would be caught, so he made up his mind to eat dirt. He said he would gamble; and, his face full of unwilling, he dashed the cowries to the floor.

"And almost before the shells had stopped their rolling Mwamba and Waupau were examining them. The throw was big too much; Mwamba groaned with afraid, and the Brutoo fightingmen groaned too. Poopie groaned and, as she afterwards told Mwamba, she felt her heart go down so far that she thought her beaded belt would break.

"'Waupau's throw is big!' cried the Hanta Champion, glad in his face.

"'It is big,' agreed Mwamba, sorry in his face.

"Waupau pointed his finger at his opponent's neck and, still grinning, cried:

"'My knife is sharp too much!'

"'Waupau's knife is sharp to kill women!' returned the Brutoo Champion, as he took the cowries from the floor. He sat up straight and his face was full of mad mixed with afraid. He shook the cowries in his hands; big balls of sweat rolled down his face and body, his eyes stuck out big, his lips quivered. And while he was trying to get rid of his afraid the Brutoo fetichmen and the Hanta fetichmen waved their wands strong, and each couple loudly shouted to their witch to have their Champion win the gamble. Tom-tom was beaten big so it made a noise like thunder; the common people, excited plenty, yelled and screamed, danced about and jumped up and down all the same as if driver ants were biting them; the Brutoo fightingmen and the Hanta fightingmen shook their spears and, at the same time, shouted war-words at each other—"

Here Whreabo's breath became exhausted, so he paused to refill his lungs, causing Boyah, who had listened intently to him, to frown and cry:

"Whreabo must not close his mouth!"

"Tell! Tell!" shouted the crowd, and the joined voices sounded like surf beating against a rocky shore.

"Whreabo's wind-bag was empty," cried the lad, explaining why he had paused; and his wind-bag, as he called his lungs, now refilled he went on with his tale.

"The palaver ground," continued Whreabo, "was full of big noise and jumping about, but when Mwamba drew back his hand as if to throw the cowries the noise hushed, the jumping stopped. All watched the Champion hard, Poopie's eyes were like big stars; Poopie's body shook so strong that the bell at her bead belt made music."

"'Mwamba gambles!' shouted the Brutoo Champion; but, still full of afraid, instead of throwing the shells he only rattled them in his hand.

"'Mwamba! Mwamba!' shouted the Brutoo fightingmen, encouragingly; and Poopie, hungry too much for Mwamba to win the gamble, cried to him:

"'Gamble, gamble one time, Mwamba! Mwamba will win! Gamble! Gamble!'

"Mwamba gave Poopie a big look full of I-like-you-plenty, and he nodded to her in a way which made glad come into her face; then, squeezing his lips tight together, he frowned, shouted big and dashed the cowries to the floor. And the shells had scarcely stopped rolling when Obomo, hungry to know who was the victor, Mwamba or Waupau, bent over them. He saw one time, then jumped to his feet and shouted:

"'Mwamba wins!'

"Mwamba, King Mitsu's fetichmen and his fightingmen made big glad shouts, made glad-dance; but Waupau and King Angwie's fetichmen and his fightingmen were sorry too much. They covered their faces with their cloths and made quick run out of Obomo's town."

"And was Poopie glad?" asked Boyah.

"Poopie was glad too much!" replied the story-teller. "When Obomo shouted 'Mwamba wins!' she dragged the beaded belt from around her loins and, screaming 'Mwamba is a lion!' threw it to the Brutoo Champion. Mwamba caught the belt and fastened it to his loin-cloth, and again he made I-like-you eyes at the princess."

"And what happened next?" cried Boyah, his curiosity unappeased.

"Throughout the rest of the night," returned Whreabo, "Mwamba danced with Princess Poopie around a big bonfire, he and she made big eat out of the same bowl—Mwamba often pushed rice into Poopie's mouth with his own hands. When the sun came back Mwamba and Poopie, and the Brutoo fightingmen, started for King Mitsu's town."

"Did King Mitsu give Mwamba big dash?" asked Boyah.

"King Mitsu," replied Whreabo, grinning big, "was sorry too much so he gave Mwamba big dash."

"Wow!" exclaimed Boyah amazedly. Staring at the lad he incredulously added, "Mitsu was sorry because Mwamba had won beautiful Poopie for him! Whreabo's mouth spills wind!"

"Whreabo's mouth talks true," returned the lad. "O, King, open your ears and Whreabo will fill your head with know."

"My ears are open, speak!" cried Boyah.

"Whreabo will speak," said the lad; then returning to his story he went on: "When Mwamba and the Brutoo fightingmen carried Princess Poopie into King Mitsu's town the night was old. King Mitsu was sleeping hard. He wanted to be strong when the new day came for he was going to carry a big war into the country of King Booboo, who had vexed him plenty."

"What was the matter," interrupted Boyah, "nobody talked peace palaver to Mitsu so he wouldn't carry a war against King Booboo?'

"O, King," intervened the Big Devilman, "in the days of King Mitsu white man's make-believe peace-palaver-talk had not come into black man's country."

"White man's peace-palaver no got guts," remarked Boyah, and he gave a grunt indicative of disgust. He nodded to Whreabo; and the lad, continuing his tale, said:

"When the new day sent away dark and Mitsu opened his eyes Mwamba was standing beside his sleeping-mat. The Champion filled Mitsu's ears with the story of the gamble, and told him how he had brought Poopie from Obomo's town and placed her into the hands of Tootoo, Mitsu's head wife. Mitsu was glad plenty. He told Mwamba he would give him big dash; he, and Mwamba, then went to the palaver ground where many of his fightingmen were waiting for him to come and lead them to the war against King Booboo. The fetichman, Pliffer, was there too, so were Mitsu's forty wives, Poopie amongst them.

"Mitsu talked big war-words to his fightingmen, making them war-mad plenty; he talked husband-words to his wives, making them afraid on their insides. Then Pliffer danced up and down and waved his wands; this done, he pointed his wands at the wives and cried:

"'O, Mitsu's wives, open your ears so Pliffer's words will go into your heads.'

"Tootoo, Mitsu's head wife, big too much, old too much, bowed to the fetichman.

"'Pliffer,' she cried, 'Mitsu's wives have opened their ears to hear your wisdom.'

"'Good!' said the fetichman. 'Mitsu will carry a big war against King Booboo.'

"'Mitsu! Mitsu!' yelled the fightingmen, now war-mad plenty; and they clashed their spears against their shields, and these cries made Mitsu so full of proud that he made big glad face, his wives made glad face, too.

"'Mitsu will take Booboo's head!' cried Pliffer. 'Mitsu will devour Booboo!"

"'Wow! Wow!' yelled Mitsu, jumping about and shaking his spear.

Pliffer now waved his wands to the wives and made witch-palaver to them.

"'Mitsu's wives,' cried he, 'if Mitsu loses the war it will be because one, or two, if not all, of you has allowed strange banana tree to be planted in your hut. Mitsu's wives will lay low and peep high all the time;

(*Continued on page* 154)

ECONOMIC VALUE OF THE PHILIPPINES

By BENJAMIN P. CHASE

Ever since the United States has been in possession of the Philippine Islands various groups representing various ideas have voiced their reasons for retaining the Islands.

President McKinley voiced his opinion for taking possession of the islands a few days after the American troops had succeeded in defeating and conquering the Filipinos and their native land when he said: "The Philippines, like Cuba and Porto Rico, were entrusted to our hands by the providence of God." Others are desirous that we hold on to the islands for the sole reason that American missionaries may inculcate a bit of Christianity into the hearts of the "heathens" who are said to populate the islands to a large extent. Others want to establish a democratic government in the Philippines. Still others fear that Japan would seize the islands once we would grant them independence.

And aside from all these groups there exists a school of opinion that declares that there is only one underlying and fundamental reason for the United States retaining the Philippine Islands and that reason is an economic reason. The inestimable economic value of the island makes it of vast material and financial concern to the capitalists of this country. And in this is to be found the crux of the Philippine conflict.

Now, let us inquire into the great economic value of the islands; let us ascertain of what real value the islands are to the industrial and economic leaders of this country.

The Philippine islands, an archipelago between the Pacific Ocean and the China Sea, occupies a most vantageous position both in a military sense and economically. Through the capital and chief emporium, anila, they are the key to the commerce of the islands that border the steam routes between Japan and China and the Philippines and also various other important commercial points.

The Philippines are of great strategic importance in the sense that they are the economic and military gateway to the Far East. As a vantage point from which to wage commercial and military aggression in the great Far East, the islands possess many advantages. From the naval and commercial point of view the harbor of Manila and the islands are the key to economic and naval supremacy in the Pacific Ocean.

Mr. R. D. Williams[1], who writes that he has lived in the Philippines for some twenty years with the opportunities to judge of the commercial and military importance of the islands has recently written a book in which he attempts to cite facts to show the great advantages of the islands to the United States. He cites these facts for the reason that because he believes that the Filipinos should not obtain their independence; that therefore the United States should know and realize the great advantages of the islands and also of the vast richness that lie yet undiscovered. Mr. Williams writes that many Americans think that this nation is expending entirely too much money in keeping the islands and that this fear is causing them to assist the Filipinos in obtaining their long sought freedom. Therefore, Mr. Williams gives many undoubtful truths to show that our gains in holding on to the islands far out-balance the comparative small cost of governing them. He quotes Rear Admiral Hilary P. Jones, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the General Board, United States Navy, to corroborate his own findings. The Rear Admiral is quoted thus:

"The yearly expenditure of ten or twelve millions of dollars in maintaining a stable government where we have special responsibilities is a very economical way of warding off troubles which might otherwise develop into situations requiring the expenditure in war of many hundreds of millions.

"The money spent in maintaining the Philippines is not money wasted, but money used to guarantee stability where there will be instability if we surrender our guardianship, and with that instability are likely to come expenses now undreamed of by us.

"The Navy considers that we must possess bases in the Philippines. They are vital to our operations in the western Pacific—so vital that I consider their abandonment tantamount to abandonment of our ability to protect our interests in the Far East."

Much more proof could be cited to show the inestimable importance of the islands from a military point of view, but I believe that the foregoing authorative and official statement is sufficient to prove this beyond a shadow of doubt.

As a business and trading center the Philippines are yet of still greater advantage to the United States. Kobe, Osaka, and Yokahama, the flourishing business centers of Japan; the Chinese coast from Shanghai to Hongkong and the ports of North China Dairen and Tientsin; Singapore, the British Gibraltar of the Far East guarding the treasures of India; the Dutch East Indies and the route southward to Australia—all these vantage points lie within a streaming radius of 2,500 miles from Manila as a center. In and around these various cities live and work some seven or eight hundred million people, the cheapest labor market in the world.

The American capitalists have control of a real gold mine when this nation governs the Philippines. The Philippines, a territory the size of the kingdom of Italy and with a population greater than that of Canada and Hungary, realizing these vantage points that lie within a comfortable radius and understanding the strategic location of the islands has won for the flourishing archipelago the covetous role of being at "the cross-roads of the greatest trade routes of the future." Here within an area of 115,000 square miles, equivalent to the combined areas of the States of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware, American investors have invested some $300,000,000. The islands are still a virgin field for economic development. Of the total area of 115,000 square miles, only about 12,000 square miles are under cultivation today. This ten per cent of the total area is estimated to be valued at nigh a quarter of a billion dollars.

The Philippine Islands are now of gigantic value to this nation on account of its tropical richness. They can now produce practically every tropical product known to commerce and among these products are innumerable ones which are now imported by the United States. Among these social and industrial valuable products are sugar and molasses, rubber, vegetable oils, tobacco, coffee, tea, cocoa, fruits and nuts and innumerable others. Yet the Philippines can produce all of these valuable products with ease. The islands are now capable of supporting a population three times their present number; the opportunities for economic development are unbounded in number and vastness. The field in sugar refining is practically untouched. Quite the same is true for fishing, canning, and fruit and vegetable raising. With its vast area of productive, untilled lands, the archipelago could be made the future sugar storehouse of the world. At present the islands far excel in the growing of cocoanuts and in the production of copra and vegetable oils. As far as Manila hemp is concerned the islands are in possession of a natural monopoly. Its forest wealth offers a source of unlimited supply for the world's fast-diminishing store of hardwoods. The Island of Mindanao could alone provide the United States with all the rubber required for home consumption.

The mountains are rich with such minerals as coal, iron, silver, gold and other such precious metals. The islands are also rich in petroleum and are said to lie within the Borneo Oil field, one of the six greatest oil areas in the

[1] "The United States and the Philippines"—Doubleday, Page & Co.

world. And even though they are but little developed, the islands total wealth is estimated as being close to $6,000,000,000. That great economic progress is being made is proven by the fact that the value of their six leading agricultural products—rice, corn, sugar, hemp, cocoanut, and tobacco—has increased by almost 300 per cent from $122,000,000 to $343,500,000 in the period of 1917 to 1920.

From 1917 to 1920 the total annual foreign trade of the Philippines has about doubled, rising from about $160,000,000 to more than $300,000,000. The number of manufacturing plants has increased 156 per cent from 1903 to 1918 and the value of the products produced increased by 754 per cent. In general the progress is gigantic in every field and what is more noteworthy is that progress is not at a standstill by any means, but is advancing with every year.

The Philippines are doubtlessly of great value to any nation that could obtain possession of the islands, but to the United States they are doubly profitable. Only 40 per cent of the tropical regions of the world are now independent. The nations of Europe have power over 59 per cent of the earth's "heat belt." On the other hand, in contrast with this great tropical dominion of the Europeans, the United States controls only one per cent of the tropical belt. Without the Philippines the only other tropical territory remaining to our nation would be the Hawaiian Islands and Porto Rico, with a total area of only 10,055 square miles, or 0.05 per cent of the entire tropical domains of the earth. Yet it is the United States that consumes more tropical products than any other nation in the world. The United States now annually imports foods and raw materials from the tropic and semi-tropics to the total value of over $2,000,000,000 each year.

The Philippines, lying "at the cross-roads of the greatest trade routes of the future," are consequently exposed to aggression from every corner of the earth. With the Philippines being the richest tropical land at our command it is quite obvious that we should covet the islands quite voraciously and would expend the utmost energy and expense to keep the islands in our control. The United States virtually lacking tropical possessions sees in the islands a vast source to cultivate for the benefit of American industry.

"The crux of the situation," writes Charles Hodges, assistant director, division of Oriental Commerce and politics, New York University, in an article on the "Business Background of the Philippines" (Annalist, Jan. 28, 1924) "is the titantic struggle for raw material now being waged by the great industrial powers of the world. In it the tropics have assumed a new significance. From the standpoint of the Americans on the firing line of this bitter competition in the orient for the essential products and strategic raw materials, the Philippines seem to mean much to the future of the United States." To the United States the "titantic struggle for raw materials" becomes doubly significant when it is borne in mind that this nation is poor in tropical possessions. The Philippine problem then becomes quite simple. As Mr. Hodges states, "rubber cocoanut, oil, hemp, sugar, petroleum, become investments in patriotism," or in other words patriots and business men, imperialists and financial kings invest in the Philippines because they see therein a vast and resourceful field for huge economic and financial profit. Mr. Hodges, the financial expert makes the Philippine conflict more simple yet when he says that the continued occupation of the islands by the United States is "in dollar-and-cents terms a matter of investment." This is true beyond doubt when it is considered that American investors have invested hundreds of millions of dollars in all of the leading business activities of the archipelago. Moreover, the islands occupy a most strategic position in the east and are but three days away from China, the richest and cheapest labor market in the world.

It is indeed difficult to realize the real and potential value of the Philippines when all of the foregoing facts as to the wealth and vantageous position of the islands are fully analyzed and considered. After due consideration it becomes quite simple why the United States has repeatedly refused to grant the Filipinos the independence which they have and are seeking.

Mr. Charles Edward Russell, an authority on the Philippine problem, in a lecture before the University of Pittsburgh Extension Society (Nov. 17, 1924), briefly stated the crux of the conflict in this manner:

"All opposition in this country to Philippine independence comes from the same interests, and these interests have heavy investments in the islands. Such enterprises as the tobacco industry, copra, which is dried cocoanut fruit from which toilet soaps are made, sugar, and hemp are maintained mostly by American capital. The products of these interests are now let into this country duty free, but if the Philippines were granted independence these materials would be taxed and the American investor would lose heavily. There also has been rumors that oil is to be found in the islands and this has influenced the American desire to retain them."

General Wood, the present Filipino Governor General, has given us the very same viewpoint on the problem when he spoke the following words: After citing the "Christian" and "democratic" reasons for retaining possession of the islands he stated that "we need a base in the Orient from which to do business and from which to protect our missionaries and our business men. The Philippines should be our focal point at which to concentrate our forces for the commercial penetration of the East. I am trying to get our big business concerns like the Standard Oil Company and the Singer Sewing Machine to use Manila as a base instead of Hongkong, I am trying to get the Filipinos out into business and to make their products known. We have just made a fair start on this and it is not time to quit." Here we have the economic background of our retained possession of the islands from the Governor General himself; a better authority we could not have, for it is a well-known fact that General Wood is strongly opposed to granting the natives independence. In fact, the choice of General Wood as the Governor General of the islands is in itself a clear sign of the economic and naval importance of the Philippines. It is well-known that General Wood is closely committed to the aims and desires of the American investors and when he expresses himself thus, it is assured that the source is wholly reliable in every detail.

The Filipinos have been promised their independence by the various responsible officials of the United States for more than 20 years. Aside from these verbal promises the legislative enactment of the Jones law made it imperative that we grant them their long-sought-for independence. But, notwithstanding these promises, the United States still retains control of the islands. And according to General Wood independence is far, far away. He says: "We have just made a fair start . . . *and it is not time to quit.*" (Emphasis mine).

From this it can be gleamed that it is not "Christianity" or "democracy" or any other vague reason that impels the United States to hold on to the Philippines. Because the economic value of the islands is to great; its potentialities are too vast and too rich—this and this only is the underlying and fundamental cause for not granting the Filipinos their right to govern themselves as best they can. For after all freedom and independence are foremost to any peoples and good government is but incidental. Considering this, we must admit that the policy of the United States Government towards the Philippines is solely determined by its economic value. This, not because one believes in the Marxian school of economic determinism, but because the facts prove this beyond doubt and are substantiated by experts on the subject and by the Governor General of the Philippines himself, as cited in this paper. All other reasons for retaining the islands are but of surface and minor importance—and by far less sincere than is really believed by some of the American people. In the light of the facts all this seems obvious.

The Letters of Davy Carr

A true Story of Colored Vanity Fair

The pangs of unrequited love. Davy packs his trunk. The vainest of all vain things—vain regrets.

Monday, February 12.

It is very late. I have just finished the task of getting my things in some kind of order preliminary to packing for the long trip South. I note that I say 'finished,' but that is not quite correct—I have just *stopped* because I am tired and 'out of sorts.' There is still much to do. Never before have I been in such a mood, my friend. I trust you may be spared such an experience. It may perhaps give you an idea of my state of mind when I tell you that for the first few minutes after Thomasine showed me her ring, my only feeling was one of almost unalloyed *envy*. When you reflect how fond I am of you, and how deep is my affection for Tommie, you can plumb, approximately at least, the depths of my dejection. Then, too, I had so long looked forward to the time of your engagement, for I foresaw weeks ago that it was coming, coming none the less surely, if slowly, and yet I got out of it for the first moments no shred of joy, but only just the bitterness of envy. I am ashamed of myself as I write it down, and maybe it is just because I am ashamed that I do confess it and write it. Of course I rebounded quickly from this extreme of baseness, and, my ordinary normal nature asserting itself, I was properly and sincerely glad, though I fear that Tommie was a bit surprised and hurt at the somewhat conventional tone of my first words of congratulation. She looked at me very queerly. Utterly cast down as I was, I caught that look, and it brought me to my usual senses. So I acted as a normal being should, when one of the loveliest girls in the world shows him the ring which symbolizes her betrothal to his dearest friend. As might be expected, I tried to make up for the most unnatural coldness of my first words, and succeeded so well that she immediately brightened up, and the look of surprise faded quickly from her eyes—*almost* the most beautiful, the most honest eyes in the world. I know you will understand and pardon that *'almost.'* I congratulate you, Bob, from the bottom of my heart, and I think you are the luckiest man I know. Nothing could make me happier than this, except the quite impossible happening that the girl I am mad about, and who evidently despises me, should open her heart and consent to look with favor on me.

As I said in my opening lines, I have been putting things in order preliminary to packing up. This preparatory process was necessary, for some things go in my trunk, some in my bag, and some are to be boxed and marked for shipment by freight. I have asked Mrs. Rhodes to let me pay for my room for two months after I leave, in the event that I should find it necessary to return here for a short time. I have no idea how long I shall be in Columbia and Charleston, for so much depends on what luck I have. If the records are rich in grist for my mill, I may find it profitable to remain longer. As to the islands along the South Carolina coast, that special quest should not take many days. When that is done, and sufficient material collected, I shall want to go somewhere to work it into shape. It is possible I may return here for that, but unless the atmosphere changes a great deal, I imagine it might be a most unprofitable venture. So disturbed have I been for days on end that my work has suffered a great deal. If such a condition should persist, it would be far better, I think, to go elsewhere. Don't you agree with me? I am wondering if one of the small towns near New York—in Jersey, up the Hudson, or on Long Island—would not give me the quiet I need, with the chance of running into the city whenever I wished. Think it over, won't you?

Sometimes it appears as if I have been here but a few short days, and then again, when I reflect on the multitude of friends I have made, the functions I have attended, and the work I have accomplished, it seems a long, long time since last September. I am sure now, if I can judge from the exquisite torture I am undergoing in these days, that I have never been in love before. I have only *thought* I was. I can no more get Caroline out of my mind than I can stop breathing by merely taking thought. I know you wonder why I have not come to a settlement of some kind with her, but there are two good reasons why I have not. In the first place, I am deadly afraid of the outcome of such an interview. I can readily understand the feeling of a man who is convinced that he has a mortal malady, but is afraid to undergo an examination to settle the matter pro or con. I am reasonably sure Caroline does not love me, certainly not in any such wise as I love her, but I just have not the nerve to hear her say so. As long as I don't ask, I can at least hope, and while there is hope, life is still worth living. Then again, even if I had the nerve to face the music boldly, there is, short of using actual force, no way in which I could have obtained an interview with Caroline. As I have said before, I don't feel equal to talking to her confidentially in the midst of a crowd of people, and she just won't let me see her under any other conditions. The last three times I have begged for a hearing she has said, with a coldness which is so unlike her that it cuts me like a knife, "I have told you more than once that I don't want to talk to you, Mr. Carr!" And she has shown me so plainly that my presence is obnoxious to her that there is nothing a self-respecting man can do but clear out and let her alone. This I have done so far. I have thought of writing, too, and have made several attempts at starting, but it was so unsatisfactory that I gave up trying, and decided to reserve it for a last resort.

Last night I took a notion to read over my diary before turning in, and what a host of delightful memories it brought, or memories which should be delightful if it were not for the feeling of sadness and regret which seems to tinge everything in these latter days. I realized, in reading over this record of my Washington life, that Caroline has always had a warm place in my heart, even when I was utterly unconscious of it. The events of each day, after I had been a week or two in this house, are sown thickly with references to her, and few dates lack completely any mention of her. I remarked, too, a little thing of which I was quite unconscious at the time of writing. It will interest you, I think, though maybe it is purely accidental. In the earliest references to her, I always entered her as "C. R.", later further abbreviated to "C." About the first of December I note that all the references are to "Caroline," written out in full, and that from that time to this, her name is no longer abbreviated. Are you psychologist enough to interpret that?

I was appalled almost when this evening I began to collect and assort, for further preservation, or for consignment to the waste-basket, as the case might be, all the programs, cards, invitations, and mementoes of various kinds which I have accumulated in my five months stay in this town, to see how many had to do with Caroline.

Though not conscious—I can swer to that—of collecting them as such, I don't believe I threw away a single thing, not even a scrap of paper, which referred to her. Among these keepsakes I note the following: several handkerchiefs, all of them embroidered daintily with "C. R.", and having the faintest trace of the Fleurs d'Amour sachet; a ring; five dance cards; a paper napkin with the autographs of Caroline, Tommie, Lillian Barton, Mary Hale, Don, and several other folks; another napkin with a note from Caroline scribbled in one corner; the faded remains of a red rose which she wore in her hair at the fancy dress ball the Saturday night after Thanksgiving; a bunch of violets she put in a little vase on my table about the same time; a gold automatic pencil which she gave me; and about ten personal notes.

I experienced a curious sort of painful pleasure in reading the latter over, and noting their almost *affectionate* familiarity—I think I do not exaggerate when I use this phrase to characterize them.

One is as follows:

"Very dear old Godfather:

Just a little scribble to say that the Merry Coterie is going to have a 'shout' at Sophie Burt's Thursday evening, and you are expected by

Votre affectueuse filleule,

CAROLINE."

Another reads:

"Dear Old Grouchy:

What is the matter with you, anyway? Tommie says you don't seem to understand that we are looking for you at the dinner party tonight. Such a formal gentleman you are! What did you expect—an engraved invitation handed in on a silver tray? Did you think that Tommie and I would discuss all the details of an affair of that kind before you, unless we expected to invite you? How do you get that way? *Of course* it would not be a party without *you,* Old Bear!

Having used up all my question-marks and exclamation points, I must stop. I hope, however, that I have made myself clear.

Your devoted god-child,

CAROLINE."

P. S. I agree with Tommie. In some things most men are blind, and those who are not blind are feebleminded."

A third, which accompanied a gift of a copy of Dorland's *Age of Mental Virility,* reads:

"Godfather Dear:

I had to go to Lowdermilk's today to get a French text, and happened to see this little book on a bargain table. It seemed so exactly the kind of thing you like that I ventured to get it for you. It has one advantage over your beloved Westermarck—it is shorter. At any rate, I trust that it will contribute something to the cultivation of your massive intellect, which I properly admire, as a dutiful godchild should. A very pretty friend of yours says, however, that she thinks you would be lots more fun if you would cultivate your *heart.* A word to the wise!

Your affectionate ward,

CAROLINE."

It has just occurred to me that you are not as interested as I am in the tenor of these notes, and I shall spare you any further renderings. Most of the others are much in the same vein. When I contrast their natural and unstudied warmth and friendliness with the lady's present attitude toward me, I could tear my hair. Then, apparently, I was indifferent. Now, when I would give a little bit of my immortal soul for a smile or a kind word, I get nothing but cold words and averted looks. Isn't life just like that?

You suggest in your last that it is inexplicable that a woman could change so completely in such a short time. Inexplicable or not, she *has so changed,* and it would be a little consolation if I could persuade myself that the change had taken place following my very outrageous conduct of the other evening. But it began some time before that, as you yourself must admit, for you will recall at least two instances during the Christmas holidays in which the lady showed temper toward me. I must say that I don't understand it at all. What I have done that could have offended her, or changed her opinion of me, prior to the one overt act of the other night, is a complete mystery.

But I won't burden you any further with my troubles, at any rate not in this letter. Let me charge you once more, in all seriousness, not to communicate anything I have told you to Tommie. I realize that you will be under a special temptation to do so, but I ask your forbearance and patience for a little longer. Something must happen soon, but the whole affair is at such a critical stage that I have a really maudlin fear of a possible bad result from the intervention of some well-meaning friend. That's why I have not let out a syllable to anyone but you, much as I trust Tommie and Mary Hale and Don Verney, and friendly as they are to me.

Let me close with something pleasant. It is a beautiful ring, Bob, and it is well in place on Thomasine Dawson's hand. If ever a girl was genuine, honest, highminded, 'true blue,' it is Tommie, and she has mental and physical charms far beyond most women. Next to my mother and Caroline, she stands before all women in my heart, and before all men but you, and I had accorded her that place before I knew that you cared so much for her. Can I say more? I repeat—you are the luckiest of all lucky dogs! I wish for you both all the best things that life can give to mortals here below, and my wish is not mere words, as you well know. I feel that I am guilty of no indelicacy when I say that Thomasine loves you very dearly, and is always glad to talk about you, indeed, that is about the only subject which seems to interest her very deeply these days. Oh, fortunate mortal!

I forgot to tell you what happened when I asked Mrs. Rhodes to keep my room for me for two months after my departure. Well, the dear lady did not want to hear of letting me pay.

"But," said I, "it is just as if I were occupying it. I am preëmpting it just as surely. You could let it to no one else."

"I am not planning to rent it to anyone else," said she. "It is yours whenever you want it."

Exactly what that last sentence might imply, I cannot see, but the upshot of the whole matter was that Mrs. Rhodes finally compromised the matter with me by letting me pay her half the usual rental for the two months in question. When I stood up to leave the room—we were in the back parlor—she came over and joined her hands about my arm.

"Davy," she said, and it was the first time she had ever called me anything but 'Mr. Carr,' "Davy, we have enjoyed having you, and you are welcome in this household whenever or however you choose to come."

I thanked her in some embarrassment, and went up to my room, reflecting somewhat sadly on the fact that in this mortal life it is so often the case that we can have warm good wishes and kind words from all but the one from whom we most desire them.

I guess I might stop here and turn in. I am not getting any too much sleep these days, and I am beginning to feel it. I hope I may have more cheerful news next time. At any rate I hope to have something more interesting to record than this dead level of monotonous misery. Almost any change would be desirable. If you suffer in reading this letter console yourself with the kind thought that it has relieved me somewhat to write it.

DAVY.

Our old friend Jeffreys in the spotlight once more. Caroline to the rescue. Last hours.

Wednesday, February 14.

For a few minutes last night I really thought I was going to have some pleasing news to tell you, but Fate was only playing a practical joke on me to see how I should take it. My news then, while interesting, is not especially pleasing.

There was a little dance given at Carroll's by the Merry Coterie, and the usual crowd was present. It was lively, as their affairs always are, and one of the noisiest and most frivolous of that noisy and frivolous bunch proposed going to a newly-discovered cabaret which was touted as being especially obnoxious. Most of us did not want to go, but one or two of the women raised so much "sand" about it that the rest finally caved in, and so we went. There were more than a dozen of us, including the Dills, the Burts, Caroline and Tommie, Billie Riddick, Reese, Dr. King, Verney, Scott Green, your humble servant, and three or four others. Our party took up four tables. I need not describe the place, for it was like most of the others, except perhaps to say that it was decidedly second-rate. It was pretty well filled, and there was a plenty of bootleg liquor in evidence. However, it was orderly enough, on the surface at least, when we entered.

We had not long been seated when Verney stepped on my foot to attract my attention, and, following the direction of his eyes, whom should I see seated over in the corner, with his old familiar pair of Baltimore cronies, but Jeffreys, he of the faultless tailoring and the golden smile! By a curious coincidence, his two friends saw me just as I looked, and so did two other persons seated at an adjoining table. These last seemed familiar, but I could not place them, and I have since come to the conclusion that they were at the party in Baltimore the night Jeffreys and I fell out so hard. I did not like to stare, so, after one look, I dropped my eyes, but Verney, who had not the same reason for being cautious, kept his eyes on the party, and, in a low tone, told me from moment to moment what was going on.

According to him, they were all drinking heavily, and two or three of them were already pretty far gone. Soon the rest of our party noticed the group which so interested us, and one or two, to my regret, were at some pains to turn about in their seats to get a good look.

Personally, I am not easily intimidated by a crowd of sober men, even if they are hostile, but any man who is filled with this modern moonshine is a source of danger wherever he may be, for he is a trifle less responsible for what he does than a maniac. He is filled with a wild spirit of recklessness unrestrained by any feeling of responsibility whatever. As Jeff and his friends drank, it was apparent from their glances that they were discussing our party. Several of us became aware of it. Tommie, usually so calm, was noticeably nervous. Caroline was at another table, and as her back was turned to me, I could not tell how the situation affected her. After a bit Jeff's party grew noisy, and certain remarks made in a loud tone were plainly intended for our group. At Don's instigation the word was passed around that, on a given signal, we should withdraw, leaving Don and Dr. Dill to pay the check. I wanted to stay with them, but the others would not hear of it.

"You are the one against whom Jeff's malevolence is directed, and it would be inviting trouble for you to stay," said Don in his quiet, insistent tone. "They won't make any trouble for the doctor and me."

So, as was sensible, I agreed, and we all arose at about the same moment. I think we should have gotten out without any trouble, if Fate had not decreed that Sophie Burt should lose her handbag, one of those gold mesh arrangements which are tolerably costly, and which their owners are likely to cherish accordingly. Besides the bag itself, there were the contents thereof, a matter of fifty odd dollars and several valuable trinkets. So Sophie, who is excitable anyhow, made quite a fuss, and in a few seconds our quiet, undemonstrative exit, as planned by the wily Don, was converted into an excited jamboree of persons looking hastily under chairs and tables, and each one in the way of all the others. While we were in the midst of this, with Don and Dr. Dill looking on with evident impatience, our wild search was interrupted by a harsh voice, and the calling of my name followed by a string of abuse, all of which I did not hear, I am glad to say, and which I would have no occasion to repeat, if I had heard it. After a second everybody stopped and turned toward the speaker. We were all more or less startled, because there were outcries from patrons seated near at hand, many of whom jumped up and ran for the door, knocking over tables and chairs in their hasty exit. In a moment I had taken in the cause of the general consternation.

Jeffreys was standing a few feet from me, with eyes inflamed and wild, face flushed, and features contorted into a wicked grimace. This sight did not worry me especially, but my pulse dropped a beat or two when I saw in his right hand the dull blue steel of a long army automatic. To you, who have looked down the barrel of one of those devilish things in time of war, I have no need to say that it was not a happy moment. for well I knew that if once he locked his finger on that trigger somebody in that crowded room was going to be badly hurt, unless, indeed, a miracle should happen.

The women screamed, and scattered right and left. After the first shock, my wits commenced to work fast, and I figured that my best move would be to throw one of the small chairs at him, and follow it up fast. Of course I have taken much longer in the telling of this than it took in the happening. I had just placed my hand on the back of a chair, when there was a cry and a scuffle behind me, something flashed between me and the chair, knocking it out of my hand, a sturdy little figure planted itself squarely in front of me, and I was aware of a glossy black head against my chin and the faint odor of Fleurs d'Amour in my nostrils.

"Drop that gun, you coward! Are you afraid to fight like a man?" Caroline panted, her breath coming quickly and with evident effort.

The menacing blue steel barrel now pointing straight at Caroline galvanized me into life, and grasping her by the shoulders I swung her about, aware as I did so that if Jeffreys would only fire at that moment, he would have a pointblank target. What he would have done in another second I have no means of knowing, for as I braced myself to feel the tearing of a bullet through my vitals, something hit Jeffreys from the side like a catapult, and he went down with a crash, while the pistol fell far from him. My good friend Scott Green had executed a flank movement with the happiest results. The proprietor of the cabaret took possession of the automatic, and threatened to telephone the police if Jeffreys and his friends did not leave. Jeffreys himself was a bit groggy from Green's vicious tackle, and suffered himself to be led away unprotestingly.

Order being restored somewhat, we resumed the search for Sophie Burt's bag, and had about concluded either that she had lost it outside or that someone had taken advantage of the confusion to pocket it, when suddenly she exclaimed, "Here it is in my pocket!" and fished it out from some mysterious recess in her fur coat. There was some low murmuring from the men, and a laugh from the women, and then suddenly Caroline dropped into a chair, pale as a ghost, with everyone looking on more or less startled.

"It's nothing—just a normal reaction," said Dr. Dill, coolly, and he whipped out a little pocket flask and held a spoonful of something to her lips. In a few moments the color flooded her face as she realized that we were all standing watching her. She laughed unsteadily, rubbed her eyes, and finally rose to her feet.

"Too much excitement for one of my tender upbringing," she said, with a saucy laugh. "Come on, folks, let's go home! And, Sophie, the next time you bring that bag, please let Will carry it."

This sounded natural, and we all started for the door

laughing. The trip home was uneventful. I escorted Tommie, and she was very silent. At the door she merely gave me her usual friendly handshake, and went in with no more than a "Good-night, Davy." In fact, she acted as if her mind were busy elsewhere all the time. When I reached home, the house was dark, and a light showed through the transom over Caroline's door. I was determined that she should not prevent me from thanking her for what she had done, or tried to do, to protect me in the dangerous emergency of the evening, so I sat down at my table and expressed my feelings as well as I could, and added a line to voice the hope that she would let me thank her face to face, and also let me say what was on my mind with regard to our misunderstanding. I wanted to add more, and it required all my resolution to keep from putting down all that was in my heart. But I refrained, and I feel now that the event shows my wisdom in so doing. I wrote and destroyed three letters before I finally succeeded in satisfying myself reasonably well. Then I went to bed with a happier heart than I had had for many, many days.

But, alas, my comparative happiness was destined to be of short duration. I left the note on the hall table this morning when I went out. Tonight when I returned, I found this brutally curt little note in its place:

> "Dear Mr. Carr:
>
> There is nothing for which to thank me. We are quits now, that's all, and I am so glad, for I dislike intensely being under obligations to—anyone. As to the 'misunderstanding' to which you refer, you must be laboring under a delusion. The misunderstanding is all yours, for I am sure that on my part there is none. I understand you perfectly.
>
> Sincerely yours,
> CAROLINE RHODES.
>
> P. S. I almost forgot to say that Miss Riddick telephoned this afternoon, and asked that you call her as soon as possible after you came in. I promised to give you the message."

To say that I was stunned by this note is to put it mildly, very mildly, indeed. It was like a slap in the face. I had been hoping all along that Caroline's attitude, so unnatural and so unlike her, would change, so to speak, over night. This note bordered on discourtesy, to use no stronger word. What am I to infer from the dash inserted between the words "obligation to" and "anyone?" What, except that she meant to write "you," and it sounded so insulting that she decided to substitute "anyone," but wanted me without fail to realize that it was only a substitution for politeness' sake. Under the existing circumstances there can be nothing between us but the coldest formalities of speech. It is embarrassing to be in her company, for, knowing we have been such good and familiar friends, everyone notices the change. Already several people have asked me what is the matter between us, and I have lied most glibly about it. Strange to say, neither Tommie, nor Mary Hale, nor Don Verney have said a word to show that they have noticed anything, but each one of the three has *looked* volumes. Tommie looks really puzzled. I would give my head almost to know what Caroline has said to her. However, as I have remarked before on the same subject, there is absolutely no forecasting with any accuracy just what Miss Caroline Rhodes will or will not do. She is no conventional doll-baby, who cries or shuts her eyes on someone else's motion. She has a mind of her own, originality, and courage. I don't know anyone who could better carry out a fixed purpose, and keep her own counsel while doing it. This is not the first time in our acquaintance that I have felt this about her. Indeed, she is a type of whom Jane Austen never dreamed, for all her dainty feminine beauty. All of which only makes me feel just that much more certain that she is the one woman in the world for me. What I shall do without her it frightens me to think.

Thursday.

My boxes are filled, nailed up, and duly marked, and my trunk practically packed. I have decided to stay over for the party given by *Les Oiseaux* tomorrow night. As it bids fair to be the smartest affair of the year, everyone says I should not miss it, so I shall wind up my Washington sojourn in a blaze of glory, and pull out Saturday morning early. As I want to examine certain records in the State Library at Richmond, I have bought my ticket for that place, and will go through from there to Columbia, taking only hand baggage, and having my trunk expressed from here after I have decided what I shall do. I am restless as a lost soul. The big white bears in the zoo have nothing on me, Bob. I seem to be spending most of my hours marking time. At this moment I should pick up my bag and go, if it were not that I have to be Thomasine's escort to the party. I have regretted a hundred times today that I decided to stay over. I suppose that, away in the back of my consciousness, there is a glimmering hope that some miracle may happen. As things look now nothing short of a miracle would be of any service to me, for I have about come to the conclusion, reluctantly, that whether or not Caroline despises me, at any rate, she does not *love* me.

Don Verney is a queer chap. He knows there is something wrong, but, for all we are together quite often and are such good friends, he has never said a word. I have taken one of two walks with him lately, and he has spent most of the time smoking, with an occasional quick side glance at me, and now and then a queer throaty noise like a grunt. Yesterday I was in his room, waiting while he dressed to go to a Valentine dinner at the Dills'. He was all ready to go, with hat and topcoat on, when he stopped me at the door while he looked up a passage in the Bible, which it seemed would not wait. As Don does queer little things like that, I only smoked my cigarette and waited patiently. He found the place he wanted and read it attentively, puffing his cigarette violently and giving his characteristic little grunting sound. He was making a mark in the margin of the book when the telephone rang, and while he answered it, I strolled over to the table to see what it was in the Bible which could so interest him. It was open at the thirty-second chapter of Genesis, and there was a pencil-mark opposite the last line of the twenty-sixth verse, which reads: "I will not let thee go except thou bless me!" Then I strolled back to the door and waited.

In a moment Don hung up the receiver, and we went out together. He said not a word as we walked along. As we turned into the walk leading up to Dr. Dill's door he spoke suddenly.

"Jacob was a most interesting character. He was the first 'go-getter.' He must have been an American. He was 'strong even against God.' No one beat him without a real fight. I like him."

Friday Evening.

Well, there is nothing more for me to do in this town, except escort Thomasine to *Les Oiseaux*. Under normal circumstances I should look forward to it with such pleasure, but I assure you that under existing conditions it is sheer misery—at any rate in anticipation. I don't know whether or not I have done the wise thing, but I have not told a soul that I am actually going tomorrow morning. Most of my friends think that I shall go in a few days. On Wednesday, the Morrows invited me to dinner for Sunday, but I begged off on some pretext or other, and said nothing about leaving before that date. So they said they would see me at Lillian Barton's Sunday evening, and I let it go at that. I dislike goodbyes intensely anyway, and in the present state of my feelings they would be nothing but torture to me. How I am going to leave without saying goodbye to Caroline, I have not yet figured out. But the bare thought of a cold look such as she has given me more than once in these latter

(*Continued on page* 155)

By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

The Monthly Award:—The arrival from the Orient of several ships—not of the Black Cross Line—with rich cargoes consigned to us, makes it possible to renew the monthly awards, now nationally famous, for the best contribution to Aframerican mirth, nonsense and general flubdubbery. At one time this prize was a handsome tissue paper overcoat; at another time it was a hand painted cuspidor, but the most popular prize of all was the beautiful cut glass thunder-mug which has been enthusiastically received by some of the most notable Aframericans like Alain LeRoy Locke, Ben Davis, Admiral Marcus Garvey, Emperor W. E. B. DuBois, etc. Since we are particularly anxious that justice be done and that no gems of wisdom emitting from bulbous lips go unrewarded; and since our rapid movement around the country precludes our seeing all these examples of numskullery, bootlicking, stupidity and boobery; our vast army of readers are requested to co-operate with us and send in any contributions culled from the Ethiop or Nordic press that might win some noble Aframerican that much-covered trophy: to wit, the beautiful cut glass thunder-mug, imported at great expense from Reykjavik, Iceland.

This month we take great pleasure in awarding the aforesaid thunder-mug to the Honorable John L. Webb, Supreme Custodian of the Woodmen of Union, who got loose from the following gust of guano in an address delivered at the First African Baptist Church, New Orleans, La.:

"The Negro is better suited to life in the South than in the North. . . . Some people believe we desire social equality with the white man, but that is not true. If white people knew what was in the back of our heads, they would like us better. . . . As a race we are happy by ourselves. . . . The real friends of the Negro are to be found among enlightened white people in the South more than anywhere else, and we congratulate ourselves that these good white people are working for the day when lynching is forever wiped out."

We have been unable to learn in which hand the Hon. Brother Webb was holding his hat while delivering himself of these inspiring words, but at any rate it is only fair that the white folks of New Orleans should take up a collection to defray the expense of having it (the hat—not the hand) re-blocked.

Aframerican Fables: No. 4:—You decide to go to a very exclusive dance given by the elite of Senegambian society in your community. It is scheduled to begin at nine o'clock, and when you arrive at 9:05 p. m., the hall is crowded and the dance is in full swing. You soon discover that none of the men have any flasks on their hips and that no liquor is being sold. Since the dance is formal, you had to rent a dress suit and much to your surprise the Hebrew from whom you obtained it had plenty more in stock because nearly everyone attending the affair was the owner of one. Although most of the people present are doctors, dentists, journalists, lawyers, undertakers, druggists, students and insurance agents—that is to say, the cream of Aframerican society—you are puzzled to note two things: that the standard of deportment on the floor is considerably higher than that obtaining in the so-called underworld and that most of the women are black or brown and apparently far more popular than the light ones who are finding it difficult to get a dance.

Yes, pass the cocaine, Oswald!

More Dangerous Than Trotsky:—According to an Associated Press dispatch, one Charles Keeler, poet and managing director of the Berkeley (Calif.) chamber of commerce, has launched a movement for the blending of all religions into one church. The new religion has 70 followers of a half-dozen nationalities already and it is planned to incorporate the church as soon as the membership reaches 100.

This is all well and good. Being the age of consolidation, there is no logical reason why the churches shouldn't consolidate. At present there are far too many. Still, you can imagine the whoops that will go up from the reverend clergy if such a movement were to become widespread. Cries of Bolshevism, Anarchy, Free Love, etc., will echo from every pulpit in the land, because any suggestion of reducing the number of churches or religions—i.e., the number of clergymen—is bound to meet with fierce, eloquent and vociferous opposition. Of course, it would take a deal of expense and annoyance off the present church members; but, of course, they don't count.

The Outlaw Lexicographer:—Ever since our graduation from Harvard in 1854, we have been much dissatisfied with many of the definitions of words appearing in the standard dictionaries. Others have voiced a similar dissatisfaction in no uncertain terms. To meet the needs and demands of this large group of folks, we have decided to compile the first dictionary according to the Aframerican. No effort will be made to set these words down in alphabetical order because that would impose too much work on us and according to the veracious Caucasians, the Aframerican abhors work, although it is quite true that he does more of it than anybody else in these free and numerous states. So here goes:

Drug Store, n. A place where handkerchiefs, athletic goods, radio parts, newspapers, magazines, stationery, candy, ice cream, soda water, sandwiches, shoe polish, flypaper, cigars, tobacco, cigarettes, toilet paper, matches, curling irons, straightening combs, garden seeds, phonograph records, and occasionally, drugs and medical supplies, are sold. 2. A rendez-vous for sheiks and shebas. 3. A place to get a pint of good liquor after paying the physician's holdup.

Lawyer, n. A potential or actual legislator or office holder in a democracy. 2. One trained to defeat the ends of Justice by making simple laws so complicated that he may always be able to eat by extracting fat fees to explain them. 3. An individual whose business it is to show criminals and corporations how to circumvent the law.

"The only man who can legally take a bribe; he calls it a fee."—Ex-Senator Pettigrew.

Church, n. An emotional barroom where those of guilty conscience, weak will and weaker mind can get on an emotional jag once a week. 2. An institution maintained for the purpose of supporting sleek, well fed and indolent fellows, and keep the laity continually raising money for new buildings, repairs, gas and coal bills, and to send them (the clergy) on long vacations. 3. A valuable ally of the ruling class; its purpose being to divert the attention of the masses to celestial affairs (of which no one knows anything) in order that wage slaves pockets may be efficiently picked by the bosses. 4. Among Aframericans, a combination vaudeville theater and gymnasium.

Query:—In our extreme ignorance we are forced to solicit the following information from our two million readers:

1. When does Prof. Dr. Kelly Miller's Negro Sanhedrin meet again?

2. Is there any news of the Pan-African Congress of Emperor Du Bois?

3. What has become of the Royal African Legion, the Dukes of Uganda, the Knights Commanders of the Nile, the Universal Grocery Stores, The Universal Tailor Shops, and the numerous staunch vessels of the Black Cross Line?

4. Where is Roscoe "Cackling" Simmons keeping himself these days?

5. Have you noticed any "Negro Art" in your neighborhood?

6. How much did the brave Negro defenders of the Pullman Company get?

8. How much circulation did the various "little" Negro newspapers get for attacking the Brotherhod of Sleeping Car Porters?

9. When is Melvin Chisum, the saviour of his race, to hold another big feed in Washington and who will pay for it next time?

10. What kind of work is Marcus Garvey doing now, and has he got his many marriage licenses tacked on the wall of his cell?

To those readers who can furnish the above information we are going to give a prize (since all sorts of prizes are being given to Aframericans these days) of one winter vacation to the northern part of Labrador.

Edito

Opinion of the leading

The South's Convict System

The convict lease system in the South is a tragic story of economic and social injustice. It is an elaborate and criminal exploitation of the workers lowest down, those that are ignorant and unorganized. It is interesting to note, too, in this connection, that it wreaks its vengeance upon both white and black workers. Of course, no doubt, the majority of the victims are black, for the blacks are supposed to be natural convicts. It is generally known that in certain places in the South, Negroes are landed in jail for being dressed up, walking around the town, however much money they may have in their pockets. In fact, the more money a Negro has in his pockets, the more likely is he to be "run in," because "niggers" are not supposed to be walking around with money in their pockets as white men do. In the parlance of the backward sections of the South "such doings makes them upish." Of course, the more enlightened people of the South are beginning to frown upon such barbaric practices. Few of the liberal whites in the South, however, are willing to brave the fury of the traditional tribal attitude of the Klan on this question.

And still the light of humanity must and will break in the South. The March of industrialization will give birth to the New South. With industrialization will come a wider dissemination of education and the growth and development of labor organization. These are the weapons with which the workers, black and white, will protect their labor power and their life.

Already there are signs of the growth of a new conscience in the South. The recent attitude of the Alabama press on the notorious James Knox case is an instance in proof. He was a victim of the convict lease system, a system which rivals in its cruelty and inhumanities the Spanish Inquisition.

Here are two significant editorials in Alabama papers that are no little reassuring, though they should not occasion any extreme optimism. To quote a *Mobile Register* editorial:

"No play of words by those who seek to preserve the system; no subterfuge, no denunciation, no defense of it is going to satisfy the conscience of this Commonwealth. The issue has been, and remains: How long will Alabama abuse its sovereignty either for profit to the State or profit to anybody?

"Those opposing the existing inhuman method will be charged with thought of politics; every charge, every innuendo which the ingenuity of those paid to defend the system can devise will be brought against those who, in good conscience and good morals, oppose it. But the public will know that it is not expression of opinion, but the testimony of the witnesses that brings the public indictment against the system; against those who continue it, and those who profit by it.

"The ending of the system will come when the Governor orders it discontinued; or when those who participate in it for profit to themselves refuse to continue participation in a system bringing discredit upon the State."

Furthermore, maintains the *Anniston Star:*

"The difference between the lease system, as it has obtained in Alabama heretofore, and the so-called contract system established by Governor Brandon, is the difference between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee. Both systems are grounded in human greed and a species of moral cowardice that restrain our public servants from levying taxes sufficient to bring in the necessary revenue incident to the loss of the blood money now being collected from the hire of the State's unfortunate wards."

"Alabama will be satisfied with nothing short of a new deal for its convicts," announces the *Montgomery Journal.* "Now that the floodlight of publicity has been turned on the convict system," telegraphs the editor of the *Florence Times-News,* "abolishment of the convict-leasing system appears to be a certainty with the next administration." This system, avers the *Huntsville Times,* "is a menace to organized society," and, submits *The Tri-Cities Daily,* of Sheffield, "the fact that such a system prevails is enough in itself to charge the citizenry of the State with a fever of determination to clean it out forever."

Perhaps, the most encouraging note of the whole affair is the apparent recognition by the Alabama press of the fact that the hateful system is fostered for economic profit. When once this fact is thoroughly understood, the system is doomed. Even now the press of Alabama is expressing the viewpoint of the new industrial barons who are in revolt against the old agricultural feudalism of the South. While both seek profit, they differ in method. The backward, archaic, unprogressive convict lease system is out of harmony with the march of modern capitalism, and the convict lease system must go. Only recently, Florida was compelled to bow its head in shame over the scandalous Martin Tabert case which was so effectively exposed by the *New York World.* And the tragedy of it all is that the white and black workers who are the victims of the system help to perpetuate the system because they hate each other, and they hate each other because they fight each other, and they fight each other because of economic ignorance.

Crime Waves

Periodically, the country gets het-up over a crime wave and a moral crusade is projected. It is usually interpreted and conceived of in terms of hold-ups, safe-blowing, mail and bank robberies. Even murder is considered as an incident of assaults upon property. This is based upon the fact that property rights are adjudged as being more sacred and inviolable than life rights. Besides, criminals don't take one's life because they want it per se, but

rials

colored American thinkers

they do take one's property because they want it; and they want property because it has an economic exchange value, whereas life hasn't.

As to the cause of crime waves, various theories are advanced. The Wets have an annoying habit of charging it all up to the Prohibitionists, and the Prohibitionists, in turn, pass the buck to the Wets. But fundamentally it is due to our social maladjustments and economic injustices. This is shown by the fact that most of the crime arises as a result of attempts of persons unlawfully to acquire the property of others. That the machinery of the law does not work faultlessly is a matter of common knowledge. Numberless criminals slip through the loopholes of the law and its maladministration. But even if the law were faultlessly enforced, it would not prevent crime, because the law does not reach the source or cause of crime. The basis of crime waves lies in a more equitable economic social order.

Many of our criminals develop as a result of the planlessness of our city life. Children run riot in the streets because of the absence of adequate playgrounds. But these are chiefly the children of the workers, the poor. Thus, the remedy is much deeper than the supplying of playgrounds. Of course, the judge, lawyer, jury, policeman, parents, teacher, minister and social worker have their parts to play in treating the disease.

Dr. George Kirchwey, penologist, makes some illuminating observations on the question. Says he in the *Survey Graphic:*

"While we are checking the crime wave of the 'twenties, the material of the crime wave of the 'thirties is now in the making in children of six to twelve years of age in the streets of our cities, and so on, decade after decade and generation after generation, to the end of time. Is there a man living who believes that this process can be halted by the far-off picture of the prison and the gallows? The bandit is not the product of our system of legal immunity, though he is only too glad to profit by it. The criminal mind is not the result of a deliberate resolve to be a 'bad man' and take the chances, but the slow, unconscious fruition of a long process of alienation from the moral aims of society. The criminal is an outlaw before like Byron, he awakes and finds himself famous—and infamous. He is, to adapt a phrase of Rudyard Kipling's, 'a demnition product' of our neglect and mishandling of him. We let him run wild in the streets and alleys of our great cities during the impressionable years of childhood and early youth, when life is still the great adventure; later on, when he is trapped by an act of delinquency or crime, we throw him into a common jail, which is a sink of iniquity, and then shut him up in a prison which speedily destroys his manhood and self-respect. By this time, unless he has unconquerable reserves of decency in him, he has become a fit subject, but a very unlikely one, for the deterrent aims of our system of punitive justice.

"The moral is plain. We have it in our power to get the best of crime, the enemy, by anticipating and preventing it and by no other way whatsoever. This is a hard but splendid task of social engineering which might well take the first place in the program of our crime commissions. For 'these ye ought to have done and not to have left the other undone.'"

The crime wave itself is largely a state of mind and the press helps wonderfully to make it so. It supplies splendid material for sensational journalism. There are, too, political crime waves. These rise upon the vaulting ambition of the political "outs" to get in. There is nothing more dramatic than for hungry politicians to charge that the administration of the law has broken down. The innocent yokels gasp with amazement as wily politicians beat the air furiously, hurling curses upon the heads of those who sit in power. And most generally the charges are true. But even if they were not true an artificial crime wave would be organized.

Again, Pullman Porters

Reprinted from the April "Crisis"

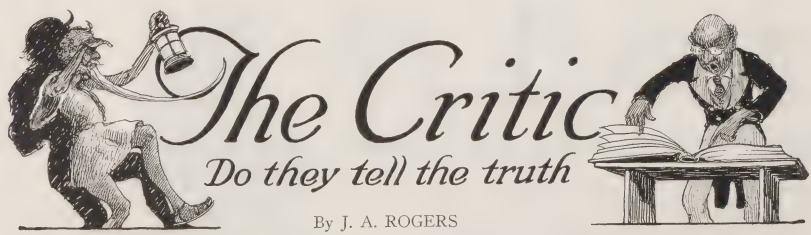
As a class Pullman porters are gentlemen in the best sense of that overworked word. They are courteous, silent and of infinite patience. Nowhere in the traveling world can one find a set of public servants who do their work so thoroughly and so well.

The porters are men of unusual skill. Let the doubter try to keep house and make and unmake beds and even serve meals, and at the same time satisfy the exacting and querulous tastes of two or three dozen persons, in a room 36 by 10 feet. In addition to that they have the most delicate duties and responsibilities. The womanhood of America rides undressed under their care and service and not in one case in a million have the porters even been impolite much less impertinent. The porters must decide difficult problems as to men and women, young and old, rich and poor, noisy and nervous, gamblers and prohibitionists, white and black.

Particularly in the service of their own race have the porters done an unforgetable service. Without stirring racial animosities, with infinite tact and with sympathetic courtesy they have made it possible for twelve million insulted people to travel with a minimum of insult and inconvenience. I have travelled 50,000 miles in every state in the union and without the ministrations of the Pullman porter I should today be dead of exhaustion and shame.

As it is the Pullman Company, relying on indifferent public opinion, can buy directly and indirectly the silence of the press, black and white, the connivance of the United States Department of Justice, and the half-hearted slobbering of white union labor so as to block the belated effort of Pullman porters to form a real and effective labor

(*Continued on page* 148)



By J. A. ROGERS

Do White Opponents Read Negro Journals?

In the years I have been conducting this Column of Infallibity I have not taken one of the fair sex to task. Is it because I have unconsciously shunned matching my masculine, and hence rather beefy, intellect against their nimble one? Doubtless, some Freudian probing into my subconsciousness would find I had some inhibitions in the matter, and as the advice is that in such a case one should go to it, here goes:

Alice Dunbar Nelson who conducts a column in the Pittsburgh Courier that you shouldn't miss, has expressed herself rather pessimistically on two recent occasions to the effect that white people do not read Negro journals, and that when any of us attack those who express false opinions of us that the message does not get over. She suggests a prize for the one devising a plan to get what we think of our own selves over to the sceptics.

Now just the reverse has been my experience. I find that the Negro journals are well read by white people, particularly those most interested in keeping us at an easily exploitable stage. Indeed, I have reason to believe that this latter type is more interested in our newspapers than we ourselves. Here are a few experiences that have come to me without any effort at remembering:

At the recent hearing on the so-called race integrity bill in Richmond I found that the advocates of the bill, and a good many of the senators were well informed about the Crisis and the Norfolk Journal and Guide. The same week the Richmond Ledger-Dispatch carried an editorial on one of Rogers' cartoon in the Chicago Defender, which is read extensively by exploiters of Negro labor in the South. A year or so ago the Amsterdam News carried two articles, one on street-cleaning in Harlem, and the other charging an electric light company with discrimination against its colored patrons. Within twenty-four hours of publication letters of denial were received from the heads of the departments concerned. Again, Hubert Harrison once wrote an article in the Negro World charging the Health Department of New York City with neglect in Harlem, and two days later he received a personal letter from Sen. Royal M. Copeland then Health Commissioner, declaring that just the opposite was true.

In the years that I have been conducting this column I have received dozens of anonymous letters from white people. On an article I wrote on the play, "All God's Chillun," I later picked up a Ku Klux journal cussing me out. The Crisis, the Messenger, Opportunity, The Afro-American, The Philadelphia Tribune, and others wield a powerful influence in shaping the opinion of white people. More and more Negro journals are being read, not only in America, but by students in foreign lands to know what the group is thinking. The Defender is, or was barred in many parts of the South, and the Negro World in many parts of Africa and the West Indies. The Negro press, that weakling of a decade ago is becoming an increasing object of fear to the robbers of Negro labor.

As I travel around the South the more is borne upon me the importance of the function of the Negro journal in the North, even gagged economically, as it is on many of the vital issues. Agitation for citizenship rights in the South by Negroes is almost as dead as a dodo for several reasons, one of which is that since the Southern white man is far more economically dependent on the Negro than is the Northern white he holds a much tighter rein than the latter. In other words in the North the Negro may say pretty near darn well what he pleases while in the South he runs a big risk if he does.

Another reason is that many of the most prominent Negroes in the South find themselves heavily indebted to a few whites and that closes their mouth about good and bad alike. For the small fry there are often handouts with the result that a stranger coming in, hears wonderful tales about "the cordial relations existing between the races." Speak, however, to those who aren't getting anything, those with the wolf perpetually snapping just a half an inch or so from their heels, and you'll hear a different story. In spite of all the love and the pie in the sky, by and bye that is preached to them these have no love for the white man. Since, then, practically nothing is being done to get citizenship rights by the Southern Negro. It is up to Northern Negro to lead the attack from that safe distance. And the beauty of this is that the Southern Negro can't be blamed for it.

The Negro press, along with publications like the Nation, and the American Mercury have done far-reaching service in making the South the civilized place it is becoming. The Southern white man likes to pat himself on the back as being the Negro's "best friend." He is intensely susceptible to adverse criticism about this, particularly since the Negro has discovered the way North. Therefore, lay on, Macduff.

One intelligent thing for the leading Negro journals to do would be to get together and send a writer or writers quietly to study conditions in the South, and broadcast them to the world, something after the manner Schuyler is now doing for the Pittsburgh *Courier*.

Can Women Be Economically and Sexually Independent of Men?

I find that I have another lady on my bill of fare this month, a part of whose article at once made me ask myself if it is possible for some human beings to use their feet instead of their heads for thinking. This lady, I have reason to believe is a Southerner, which might explain much, however. Writing in a recent issue of *Liberty* on the slaves of George Washington, she has made the wonderful discovery that the Negro woman during slavery occupied a strategic position, economically as well as amatorily. She says:

"These black women were economic units. In slavery their good fortune might be a good master on a Northern plantation of general cultivation where life was nearly self-contained on the soil by the domestic arts. Their tragedy might be an overseer in the West Indian cane and tobacco. Their life was involuntary servitude. There were no human relationships in marriage or motherhood or friendship which might not be broken on the auction block.

"Within the limitations of this servitude the women were economically independent of the men with whom they consorted. In the field they might not have quite the same value but they had a value all their own. . . . . .

"They did not need men for their support. They did not need them for their meal or meat, for their shelter or for the welfare and comfort of their children.

"The white woman was dependent on some man, the head of her family, whether her father, brother, or husband. In this relationship she might be influential as she was brilliant or attractive but she could not be independent of the men with whom she consorted. The slave woman was. She was even independent of laws of conventional morality and there were no unfair social consequences which made the male's accountability trivial and hers heavy. If there was a child it was increase in property for the owner and he was the state which took care of the new citizen.

"Some women since those days have thought they wanted this equality with men which within caste of color and bondage the slave women had. In the present day of industries some have approximated it but only that—because it is not yet the case that a benevolent state will be to its children what a benevolent slave owner was to the Negro woman's child. *She was free in bondage.*"—(Italics Mine)

(*Continued on page* 149)

OKLAHOMA—THE LAND OF THE FAIR GOD

By W. H. TWINE

"Oklahoma, the Land of the Fair God," is the forty-sixth state to be admitted into the Union, and is the forty-sixth star in the "American Constellation."

It is really two states in one, having been formed by the Union of Oklahoma Territory and the beautiful Indian Territory, and became a state November 16th, 1907. The western part of the state is the old Oklahoma Territory and the eastern part is the beautiful Indian Territory in which was, and is located great Muskogee, the Indian Capitol of the world, and the very best city in the United States for our group.

Oklahoma Territory was thrown open to settlement by proclamation of President Harrison, March 23rd, 1889. which set the time for opening at noon, April 22nd, 1889, and all persons were warned about the penalty of the law regarding those who went into the promised land ahead of time. Afterwards, the Iowa, Sac and Fox, Kickapoo, Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indian reservations, and the Cherokee strip were made a part of the territory, and after the Indians were given their allottments of one hundred and sixty acres each, the remaining land was thrown open for settlement by citizens of the United States. (Later, the Osage Nation, composed of the Osage tribe of Indians, was made a part of Oklahoma.)

The throwing open to settlement of the lands of Oklahoma, was the first time in the history of our country that the American Negro was given the opportunity to become a pioneer as a free man and show the mettle that he was made of, and he proved equal to the occasion. On the day of the opening, the race was made for FREE HOMES and the first one to locate on a quarter section of land claimed it as his homestead.

"As the time drew near for the race, the people grew anxious and excited. There was every conceivable vehicle of conveyance. There were men, women and children waiting for the signal to go; they were on foot, horseback, wagons, ox-carts and buggies, ready to run as noon approached. Just before noon, there was lull, and eager faces turned toward a new land of virgin soil and watched the officers with watches and guns in their hands. Suddenly there came the puff of smoke from the carbines of the soldiers and at the reports of the guns the mighty rush of thousands for *free homes* was on and the first to stake a claim was the owner of the farm staked."

This was all new to the Negro, but he soon caught the spirit of the game and in many instances beat his white neighbor to a valuable claim. He had the nerve, grit and manhood to stick to it through all the hardships incidental to pioneer life, and made the prairie and forest blossom as the rose. He proved to the world that he could pioneer as well as the best of them. As a result of the noble fight made by these Negro pioneers, many of the best farms in Oklahoma (old Oklahoma Territory), are owned by Negroes. This is true in Logan, Lincoln, Payne, Pottawatomie, Oklahoma, Kingfisher, Blaine and Garfield Counties.

In the cities of Guthrie, Perry, Chandler, Oklahoma City, Enid and others, our group is represented in the business world and is making good. Politically, they have made a good record, having held many positions of honor and trust. Hon. R. Emeett Stewart, one of the leading attorneys in Oklahoma, was the first of our group to be elected County Clerk of Logan County, which position he held for several years with honor to himself and to our group. He made such a splendid record that his successors for several terms were of our group. As I recall it now, Prof. N. J. C. Johnson of Guthrie was one of his successors. Hon. Roscoe Dungee, editor of the *Black Dispatch* at Oklahoma City, is a descendant of one of the pioneers of Oklahoma and is keeping the record clear as is shown by his work as editor and owner of one of the greatest newspapers in the southwest. There are many bright and shining lights in the legal and medical profession and among them are E. T. Barbour, attorney at El Reno, Doctor Horace Conrad, Guthrie, Dr. A. Baxter Whitby, Grand Master of Masons, and Dr. Charles B. Wickham, Grand Chancellor of the K. of P., both of Oklahoma City.

In this part of Oklahoma, our group has made greater strides from a political standpoint, for the reason that they have never been denied the right to vote, as has been the case in the eastern part of the state. Even the Democrats are making inroads in our ranks, and they go the limit to see that their black followers have the right to vote. The population of Oklahoma at State-hood was about one million five hundred thousand. Our group numbered about a hundred and fifty thousand and the greater part of these had come from the Southland.

The eastern part of the state was formerly known as the Beautiful Indian Territory, and was composed of the Five Civilized Tribes, to wit; the Creek, Cherokee, Seminole, Choctaw and Chickasaw Indian tribes. Living among these tribes were twenty-five thousand Negroes, about five thousand in each tribe, who were former slaves of the Indians. When President Lincoln issued his proclamation giving freedom to the slaves, these slaves of the Indians were included.

The Indians had violated their treaty with the government of the United States when they rebelled and went with the Southern Confederacy and it was necessary for a new treaty to be made in order that they again could have their tribal government restored. A Commission was appointed by the United States government to meet with a like Commission appointed by the Indian tribes, and these Commissions were to meet to form a new treaty.

The Commissioners appointed by the United States government, could not speak the Indian language and the Commission appointed by the Indian tribes could not speak English, hence they were compelled to have an interpreter. Providence provided one, for there was an old Negro preacher who had been a slave and had lived with the Indians many years and learned to speak their language. He could also speak English, and being the only man who could fill the position, he was made official interpreter. He was known as Coonskin Harry (Rev. Harry Island). The Commission submitted their proposals to the Indians and Coonskin would inform the Indians what the Commissioner desired and the Indians in turn would tell their desires. All went well and all were satisfied until they got down to the question, "What was to be the status of the Negro or freedmen," and then it was that Coonskin got in his fine work. He told the Commission that the Indians desired that their slaves be given the same rights that were given to the Indian and that he should be allowed the right to vote and take part in the political affairs of the tribe, also that he should share in the land and annuities as though he were a full blooded Indian. It was so written in the treaty, and the Commissioners for the United States government and the Commissioners for the Indians signed the treaty. It was approved and stands today on record. The Negroes of the Creek Nation especially owe a debt of gratitude to Coonskin Harry that they can never repay. THEY SHOULD BUILD A MONUMENT TO REV. HARRY ISLAND.

When the Indians were allotted their land, the Negroes, ex-slaves and their children were each allotted a quarter

section of land just the same as the Indian and it is from this land that so many Negroes have grown wealthy in the eastern part of Oklahoma. Providentially, the allottment of the Negroes has been in localities where there were great reservoirs of gas and oil and great mountains of coal, lead and zinc and other minerals. Oklahoma is the treasure house of these United States. What is true of the Negro of the Creek Nation is true in all of the Five Civilized Tribes. They are the most fortunate Negroes of our country, having been born with "A Golden Spoon" close at hand.

These Negroes, while the tribal government existed, took active part in the affairs of the nation. Some of them were members of the Supreme Court, and we recall now that our old friend, Rev. (Judge) H. C. Read, was a District Judge and later a member of the Supreme Court, and that Attorney W. A. Rantie and Attorney A. G. W. Sango were members of the Creek Council, and that Hon. J. Coody Johnson was a member of the House of Kings. (Mr. Johnson is today one of the wealthiest men in Oklahoma.)

The Negro citizens of the tribes intermarried with the Indians and all stood on an equal plain until Statehood came and then "L" broke loose. Among the first laws passed by the State legislature was one to *reverse* the Creator "God." They passed a law, making the Indian a white man and then passed another law that the Negro and white should not marry. This was done to bar our boys from marriage with the Indian maidens and our girls from marriage with the braves, thus reserving the rich land of this country for their own boys and girls.

However, our group made hay when the making was good and prior to Statehood, many of them had married Indians and there are many dark skinned "Injun" babies who drew an allottment of 160 acres. Since Statehood, great numbers of our group following the example of the white man, have come from the different states, North and South, and have located in Oklahoma, bought homes, and are reaping wealth from the splendid resources of this Great State.

The K. K. K. came also, and seeing that our group was enjoying peace and prosperity, at once proceeded to bring about chaos and laid plans to drive Negroes from their homes. To their surprise and disgust, however, our brave men and women stood together as one, and when it was dangerous to oppose the Dragon, they served notice on the most cowardly set of scoundrels that ever snapped their fingers at justice and went unhung, that we were ready for the battle and that it should be to a finish, and then the sneaking cowards of the Invisible Empire took their pillow slips and sheets and skulked away. The Negroes of Muskogee have fought them at every stage of the game and on the 6th of April, 1926, we assisted the Christian white people of our city in driving the Cyclops and his minions from office, and immediately Muskogee took on new life. The day the K. K. K. was driven from power, a new bank was opened in our city and old nature came forward and joined the procession by giving us a new oil well of 200 barrel capacity, and many other good things are on the way.

Politically, our group in eastern Oklahoma, is in a bad row of stumps, as many of our good men and women have been denied the right to register and to vote, but this year we are making herculean efforts to have all of our group registered and with our 50,000 votes in the state, we can assist materially in bringing order out of chaos.

There have been a few lynchings in Oklahoma, but none in Muskogee. Our group has stood as a unit against this relic of barbarism. At one time the outlaws and the Hill Billies from Arkansas and Texas who had located here attempted to engage in their favorite pastime, lynching. Two Negroes, Willie Williams, and Homer Matthews, were lodged in the county jail and charged with the crime of murder. A crowd of 5,000 gathered around the jail for a Lynching Bee. We begged the sheriff to disperse the crowd, but he could not do so. We then went to the best class of white citizens and begged and employed them to stop the gang of cutthroats from committing the crime of lynching, and they tried to do so but failed. The howling mob, thirsting for blood, attempted to storm the jail, and then a strange thing happened. Our group (including the writer), lost their religion and suddenly from somewhere 300 men with high powered rifles sprang forward and faced the cowards and served notice that a number of Free Tickets To Hell were to be given Gratis, and the mob went hurriedly to their homes.

That is our antidote for mob violence. Later, a white man was brought to Muskogee from Wagoner County for safety (he was charged with murder and a mob from that county started for Muskogee to wreck their vengeance on the prisoner).

Our group served notice that they must not cross the Arkansas River, which is the division line between this and Wagoner County. We also stated that we are opposed to mob violence and no man, *white or black* could be mobbed in this county. They took the hint and came not.

At the trial of John Welsh (Negro), charged with the murder of a white officer, when the K.K.K. was at the height of power and the presiding Judge a Kluxer, and the sheriff and his force Kluxers, our colored lawyers, Carter W. Wesley, H. T. Walker and W. H. Twine, were the first lawyers in the United States to challenge a juror on account of his being a member of the K.K.K. and the first to ask the question, "Are you a member of the Ku Klux Klan?" They were over-ruled by the Court, the judgment was reversed on an appeal and now the question is being asked all over the Union. Our Oklahoma lawyers broke the ice.

In Oklahoma we have fought segregation and won a victory each time, but in Muskogee we have never fought it because our Group live all over the city and have business places in the very heart of the city. In spite of the many obstacles in our way, we are determined to stand by *our guns and stay in Oklahoma,* and continue to battle for our rights. We are determined not to sacrifice our property and seek other climes, but rather stand and fight the scoundrels who deny us our civil and political rights. If necessary, we will fight until the Plutonian regions are congealed and continue the battle on the ice. Our women, God bless them, have always been loyal and stood by us in every contest and have given valuable aid when the mob threatened. They have never faltered, but have stood out in the open ready and willing to die for the right. Pioneers? Yes, the best the world ever knew.

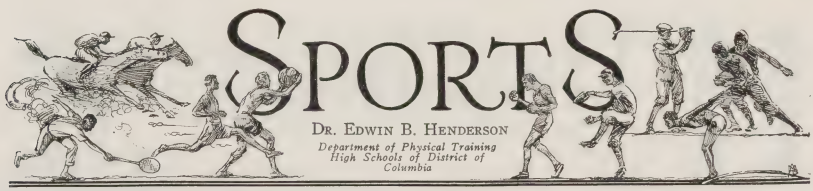
They say that the Garden of Eden is located at the confluence of three great rivers. Well, we have the Vedigris, the Arkansas and the Grand Rivers at our door, hence we must be living in the Garden of Eden, Great Muskogee, the best town on earth.

Editorial

(*Continued from page* 145)

union. And in order more completely to befuddle the men who are at their economic mercy, the company is offering them, with wide gestures of benevolence, a "company union" where hand-picked lackeys "representing" the porters will smother complaints and take orders meekly. And, says this rich corporation, take this, shut up or lose your jobs.

Well, perhaps it is better to lose this job. Perhaps we have served as porters long enough. We were good slaves; but we outgrew the job. We were good cheap servants; we are outgrowing that job. We are good porters. But if being porters means being driven slaves and alms-taking servants, then God haste the day when we outgrow *that* job.—Editorial from *The Crisis.*



DR. EDWIN B. HENDERSON
Department of Physical Training
High Schools of District of Columbia

Track Athletics

Now is the season of outdoor track meets. Howard, Lincoln and Hampton in the mid-eastern section will stage meets for secondary school and college runners and jumpers. Other organizations are holding games for track and field athletes. This marks progress. These are the most ancient of games dating back to the days of the Olympiads and before. Being non-contact contests, in which the athletes compete against time or space with strength, skill or speed our boys find less handicap to testing mettle with others. Again there is not the essential need of being with a team for practice. If he can make his century in even time or better, or do his jump over 6 feet any coach that wants a winner wants him badly.

Other Sports and Colored Boys

At the oar, Joe Trigg at Syracuse was the only outstanding athlete. Matthews was Harvard's famous shortstop and but few others have been eminent. Whitaker of Dartmouth, Jackson at Columbia, and Garner who captained Hamilton are among the leaders in basketball. But in football there is a galaxy of stars: Lewis, Jackson, Charlie West, the Pollards, Drew, Pinkett, Oray, Slater, Gideon Smith, Martin, Morrison, Trigg, Robeson, Marshall, and many others. Also in track and field there were scores on the honor roll. Howard Drew of world's records, Ned Gourdain, Charlie Drew who now captains Amherst, Binga Dismond whose 440 record still stands, are a few of the big ones, and greatest to date the redoutable impressive Hubbard with his world's record in the broad jump and several running distances.

Exit Basket Ball

Whitaker at Dartmouth—while he was there—and Captain Gregory of the victorious DeWitt Clinton High School of New York City were outstanding in the game against all white contenders on teams of white players. Fraternities did not crowd varsity teams in colored college circles this year but we still need that effective organization which is to break up roping in semi-pro players to bolster up college quints. In the wage-earner's class the Renaissance players hit high spots in their series with the Celtics. These black and white Irish and Jews were certainly world's champions.

Segregated and Non-Segregated Athletics

Race riots, the late war, and athletics are factors in making true American citizens out of Negroes, especially of the South. Throughout Negro and colored boys are learning the game of fight according to the rules of many white men's games. Later these principles are used in the games of business, politics, or others. But our boys on white teams competing with other white teams are finding themselves and gaining the respect or at least tolerance of thousands. We need more athletes in competition with the rest of America just as we do in all other lines to make for understanding.

There is nothing like an international flavor given athletics for added interest. Thurnberg, Nurmi, Ritola, Hoff, and Suzanne Lenglen make interest. Racial identity gives the most discussed subject, "color" to events. Benny Leonard, Firpo, Carpentier, Pancho Villa, Dencion, Wills, and Hubbard make plenty color, relieve a lot of prejudice from mass minds and make for tolerance.

More Sports Needed

Short seasons, expensiveness, and professionalism are killing college baseball. A real American game is taking its place. Lacrosse played by Indians is a popular spring sport at many colleges and in England. There is a world of action in lacrosse and enough rough virile play to make it match football. It takes money and coaches but Howard, Hampton and a few other schools could well afford an intra-mural program of lacrosse, soccer, rowing, swimming, handball, tennis, golf, boxing, and gym-team contests.

More Dempsey

It won't be long before the money God will kill boxing just it has the one-time king of sports, wrestling. Dempsey backed up by his color-blinded hero worshippers of southern extraction is still dodging Wills. He has become the present day African Dodger. Saving his new nose and his money-making publicity by keeping his title, he hopes Father Time will lay Wills on the shelf and he will draw down more shekels by fighting set-ups. But the public is slowly—as most flesh masses—getting tired of this money palaver and wants Jack to get into a real fight and most of them want Wills to knock his block off.

The Critic

(*Continued from page* 146)

"Within the limitations of this servitude the women were economically independent of the men with whom they consorted."

What are the facts. The Negro woman, it is true, was then economically independent of the Negro man, and hadn't to submit to his sex attentions. The statement would be true only in the event of the writer's assuming that the Caucasian male isn't *a man*. The Negro woman was not only economically but physically in the power of her white master, who could force her into any relationship with white or black men, as was often done, with the lash.

* * *

When matched sex against sex women of all racial varieties have been economically dependent upon men as far back as you go in history. The bulk of the world's wealth is in the control of the latter. In parts of Africa and Asia today the man openly buys his wife with so many head of cattle, or skins, or shells. In all grades of civilized life the same thing is done in a sophisticated way.

And as to these days the first thing the fair frauleins want to know is how much money you have. And you can't blame them for the cost of advertising is high. The price of stockings, bobs, and cosmetics alone take almost all they can make. To get even they punch it out of the meal ticket, after snaring one.

* * *

Are George Washington and W. J. Bryan Agreeing on the Liquor Question in Heaven?

Speaking of George Washington, Rupert Hughes, the author, recently caused a lot of nice ladies and gentlemen to say nasty things by declaring that Washington didn't always use Sunday school words, played the numbers and the horses, took his liquor like a gentleman, and like so many good Americans today, knew all about stills and corn mash and hops. Well, suppose Hughes had said what I am going to say. The Father of our Country not only drank liquor, but loved it so well that he once sent a human being to be traded for liquor. In a letter to a ship captain in 1776, he said:

"With this letter comes a negro (Tom) which I beg the favor of you to sell in any of the islands you may go to, for whatever he will fetch, and bring me in return for him

"One hhd of best molasses

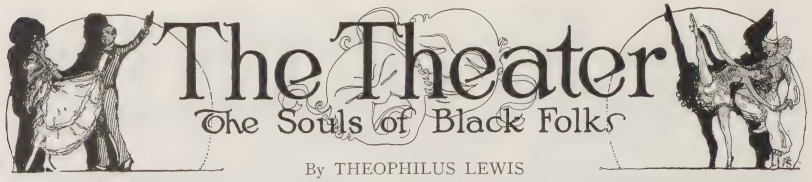
"*One ditto of best rum*

"One barrel of lymes, if good and cheap

"One pot of tamarinds, containing about 10 lbs.

"Two small ditto of mixed sweetmeats, about 5 lbs. each. And the residue, much or little, in *good old spirits.*"

Good old spirits! Did you get that? Both Washington and Bryan are now in Heaven. Bet they're having some argument over that "good."



By THEOPHILUS LEWIS

Round About Harlem

FLAMINGOS OF 1926

The electric signs and billboards outside the Alhambra and the placards in the Harlem store windows read "Blackbirds of 1926." But, "What's in a name?" Any show produced by Lew Leslie would be a specimen of nonpariel ineptitude no matter what it was called. In the present production the burden of the entertainment is carried by the musicians and the girls. The majority of the musicians are brownskins and all the girls except two principals are biological whites. Such a vari-colored aggregation of entertainers, it seems to me, could be more appropriately called The Aigrettes of 1926; or The Golden Pheasants or The Cockatoos or The Flamingos or even The Ornithorhynci of 1926. To call the show The Blackbirds merely for the sake of exploiting one threadbare song is as malappropriate as it would be to call it The Striped Back Apes because one of the blackface comedians remotely resembles one.

It is probable, of course, that calling this outfit of yellow and brown boys and girls Blackbirds is a dash of irony. I doubt that, however, for the clumsy way Mr. Leslie puts a show together indicates that he hasn't enough sense to be capable of irony. Any day in the week you can go to the Lincoln and see a vaudeville bill ordered with more sense and system than are evident in his revue. Instead of arranging his material in a varied but harmonious succession of scenes leading up to a satisfying finale Mr. Leslie apparently permits the performers to wander out on the stage at will, and the night I saw it the show ended so abruptly the audience remained sitting almost two minutes after the last curtain. The show, in fact, is constructed in almost as vile a fashion as the preceding sentence.

While the arrangement of the show is thoroughly bad its performance is conscientious and true. Florence Mills, of course, is the cream of the gang. While she does not appear as brilliant as she was in The Plantation Revue and Dixie to Broadway she gives a fine and fascinating performance. She is still miles ahead of every other diseuse this side of the horizon. Edith Wilson hasn't slipped a notch; she is singing as good and looking better than she ever did. Billy Mills has improved wonderfully since I last saw him. He is now hard on the heels of Shelton Brooks. The chorus is a capable one and almost as easy to look at as Edith Wilson. In the prologue Shrimp Jones' orchestra, with its rich organ effects, produces the most gorgeous jazz music I have ever heard. The rest of the way the music is sprightly but nothing to get excited over.

* * *

During the last ten weeks folks in Harlem who ask nothing of the theater except fun and music have been having a swell time. So have the gentlemen who go to the theater for sex excitement. Although neither of the principal theaters of the neighborhood has shown anything sensational enough to make a man forget a heavy disaster both have been presenting light entertainment capable of caressing away the usual dull cares. The best jazz bands of the land have been doing their stuff, adult humor has flowed freely and the general run of dancing has been so licentious that I suspect it has been subsidized by the drug stores and buffet flats. When I say the dancing has been licentious I mean just that. In at least six out of the last ten shows at The Lafayette I have seen comely women do on the stage everything it is possible for one person to do in bed. I report this as a mere instance of fact with no desire to either censure or approve.

I pick out the Ciro Club's Creole Follies as the show surpassing all the others both in abandonment and beauty. I mean, of course, shows which have so far appeared north of 130th St. Its funmakers hit a good average, its music was tuneful and its girls were the best costumed, best drilled and best looking seen in Harlem this season.

The Incomparable Florence

I regard Florence Mills as the best comedienne of our time. This side of idolatry, if I may borrow Ben Johnson's words, I admire her as much as any man. But when I compare her latest performance with previous ones I recall I observe something which at first glance appears to be a premature slowing up. A second look shows this is not the case. Miss Mills is as rich as ever in talent and she ought to be more proficient than ever in technique. The question is, since she looks fresh and does her work in a flawless manner, why does she appear to be going stale?

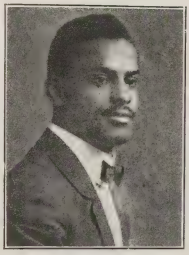
I turn to the program of The Blackbirds of 1926 for the answer. On the first page I read, "The entire production conceived and staged by Lew Leslie." A casual glance at the revue shows that most of Miss Mills' part was conceived for The Plantation Revue several years ago. Mr. Leslie seems to think that all you have to do to make a dance appear new is to change the costumes of the dancers. He has the same idea regarding a song. One of the songs Miss Mills has to sing is Arabian Nights. This is the same song that used to be called Jungle Nights. She has to sing, "I'm Just a Little Blackbird," without any change at all, which, of course, is the sensible thing to do if you're going to stick to the old songs. The point is that these old dances and songs have grown flat and their repetition is doing Miss Mills' reputation irreparable harm.

One thing a woman of the theater should never forget is that she is at the mercy of the years. Along with talent she must have the appearance of youth. The only way she can hold her own as youth passes is to replace it with a certain piquant freshness. The way to maintain this freshness is to be continually striving to present something new, something strange, something novel, if possible, something original. Things that carry the mind of the public back to the past, especially her past, the actress must avoid like poison. For the world has never seen a theater public which preferred a matured actress to a young one.

Physically Miss Mills has everything in her favor for a long and brilliant career. She has the kind of figure people associate with girlhood. But she must remember that her public contains thousands of people whose youth was contemporary with hers. And when they begin to grow wrinkled and fat it won't do her any good to have that many tongues saying, "I remember when she first sang that song and performed that dance. It was —— years ago." The only way to prevent that is to be always giving them something they have never seen before.

AN EXPOSE OF THE EMPLOYEE REPRESENTATION PLAN

By ASHLEY L. TOTTEN



ASHLEY L. TOTTEN

The terms Industrial Relations Plan and Employee Representation Plan when applied mean about the same thing.

Among the Porters and Maids it is commonly called the Grievance Committee, but it might be better known as the Pullman Company Union because it was introduced by the Pullman Company, its rules were drafted by the Pullman Company and it is operated in the interest of the Pullman Company.

On the Plan there are three committees, viz.: Local C. Committee, the Zone General Committee, and the Industrial Relations Committee.

Local C Committee consists of five porters elected annually by the porter group of a district to represent the porters, while the management also elects five of their staff to represent them.

On this committee the superintendent and assistant superintendent sit with Negro petty officials whose duty it is to see that the line of argument advanced by the management is supported by their side of the table.

When a porter is dismissed from the service it is uniformly ruled that he must meet the same superintendent on the committee and be satisfied that even though the superintendent had fired him, he would be made to reverse his decision.

The Zone General Committee is some sort of an Appellate Court where the porter may appeal his case after he has lost it as he always does on the Local C Committee.

The Industrial Relations Committee is the Supreme Court where five of the members of the general staff of Pullman Industrial Exploiters are members.

Negroes are not represented on this committee. They have such brilliant characters as President Carry, Vice-President Hungerford, Assistant General Manager Powell, and the General Supervisor of Industrial Relations, Simmons, to decide the fate of the porter.

How Elections Are Conducted. Annual elections usually take place during the first week of November or immediately after the Pullman Porters Benefit Association has closed its elections.

The idea is to confuse the men so that they vote as they are told, but they do not know what they are really voting for.

Ask the average porter what he understands by the Employee Representation Plan and his reply will be "I do not know, and I do not care," but in order that he might get his pay check or be assigned to his car, he simply votes for anyone that he is told to vote for.

The truth is that the Pullman Company knew that by fair means they could not put over the Plan, so they have actually forced it on the porters and maids despite all arguments to the contrary.

During election week great care is taken to educate the porter how to vote by the Uncle Toms and Stool Pigeons who are thick around the polls.

After he is forced to vote then he is told that the man he desires to vote for is either a rattle brained radical or a dangerous West Indian Negro and it is better to vote for Botts the Imbecile or Boggs the Lickspittle because the management knows these men and knows that they represent the aims and aspirations of the "let well enough alone" type of Negro.

While the Pullman Company shows no discrimination against white foreigners in their service they are quite active building up a hatred between the American and West Indian Negro and also between the Southern and Northern Negro.

A good illustration of the method adopted by the Pullman Company to put over these elections is shown in the following letter:

"File No. 620.

"Memorandum to L. G. Johnson, Head Cleaner, St. Joseph, Mo.

"I am enclosing three ballots and envelopes for use of the three porters operating in line 45.

"The voting is being done to nominate a porter to represent the porters at a conference which will be held in Chicago the latter part of January to revise present agreement between the Pullman Company and its porters.

"Will therefore ask that you have these men vote promptly and return ballots here before Dec. 15th.

"I might add that all of the porters at Kansas City are voting for Porter D. G. Emery as their representative.

"Signed—J. L. AUTHUR.

"Kansas City, 12-8-25.

"2 K."

Inclusive of this letter is a ballot containing a slate of twenty-four names and marked as follows: "These men checked off are whom we are supporting. Would like to have you vote the same way."

It is understood from the above letter that the superintendent at Kansas City sent three ballots to some terminating point where the official in authority was instructed to have three porters vote promptly and to see that they voted for the men whom the management had selected, while on the other hand these men were not interested and would not have voted otherwise.

The Plan in Operation. In order to determine how the plan is operated it is necessary that our readers familiarize themselves with the true meaningness of the rules governing it.

Rule 9 (b) states that the right of the Pullman Company to suspend or discharge an employee at any time for incompetency or other just and sufficient reasons is recognized, as is also the right of an employee to a fair and impartial hearing at the earliest possible date as to the cause and justification for such suspension or dismissal.

Now here is a porter who has some trouble with his wife. According to his own story he returned to his home ahead of schedule to find her in intimate relations with another man. Hastily he ordered her away from the home but by reason of the fact that he could produce no witnesses in court, the judge decided against him and he is ordered to pay her alimony.

The Pullman superintendent got interested in the case and told him that if he did not carry out the order of the court he could no longer work for the Pullman Company.

The porter said that he would sooner rot in jail than pay alimony to a woman of that kind, but after some days he was released as a result of investigations made by probation officers into the life of his wife.

Soon after she left the city and secured an easy divorce in another state where she got married to the co-respondent in the case.

The porter tried in vain to get back his job.

He wrote a letter to the Assistant General Manager, Mr. Powell, and received a reply which offered little hope.

Mr. Powell's letter said that if any time he could show that he was entirely free of the woman, *on recommendation of his superintendent*, he would put him back to work.

But the superintendent refused to consider it on the ground that he was a criminal and his only hope rested with the Employee Representation Plan.

Just about this time strange news came to the district that the superintendent had passed away quite suddenly, and all business relative to porters' grievances was laid aside temporarily.

The Pullman Porter Rest Car San Salvador at Mott Haven yards took on court mourning, and was the scene of Memorial Services where there was weeping and gnashing of teeth for their beloved superintendent who in his life had ofttimes told them that porters could not qualify for anything else but porters.

With the new superintendent there was decidedly a new method of approach, for he pleaded that he had never heard of the case, that he wanted some time to study it, and he conveniently took several months doing so.

It was quite clear that the new superintendent didn't want to reinstate the porter because some one in the office held a dislike for the porter and was using his influence to keep him out.

Finally, the porter representatives took the matter up with the General Supervisor, Mr. Simmons at Chicago, and after a few more weeks of watchful waiting his permission was granted to take the matter up with the committee in the regular course of business.

When the case was called the porter appeared in his own defense and explained how his domestic troubles had interfered with his means of livelihood.

He had given some nineteen years of service to the Pullman Company, and his record card credited him with honesty and reliability.

There was but one minor dereliction charged up against him.

He was insubordinate on one occasion, according to Mr. Brunswick, the Assistant Superintendent at the time.

I took the stand that the porter may or may not have been insubordinate at the time. The fact that it was written up against him is no proof that he was guilty.

This remark was displeasing to Mr. Brunswick who wanted me to understand that the porter was insubordinate to him.

I replied that there seemed to be a desire on the part of the representative for the management to inject personal spite against the porter merely because at one time there was a misunderstanding between them, and that in my opinion he ought not to sit on the case as it would be hard for him to be impartial in his reasoning on the matter.

One of the rules of the Pullman Company is that a man should never lose his head, but here is a Pullman Official who has no regard for their own rules.

He flew at me like a panther with the words "This man was ordered by his superintendent to pay his wife alimony and if he wanted to hold his job he would have done as he was told."

I replied that it was not fair to ask a man to sacrifice his manhood in order to hold a job and it would seem that we are not trying to give him justice.

He came back with clenched fists and grinning teeth—"Look here I am sick and tired hearing you talk about justice—justice—justice. If you think that you are not getting enough justice in this country, why don't you go back where you came from?"

I replied "My country is a part of your country, and my flag is your flag."

"Since you are personal, sir, may I say that I am not a foreigner. I am just as much of an American as you are."

I paused to see if he had acquired enough culture to apologize, and found that he hadn't, and there was not enough courage in the Chairman to call his attention to that fact either.

One of the Negro officials on the management side moved hastily to sustain the management's contention, and the other seconded the motion.

The porter representatives raised the question that the management had no contention to sustain and a final but determined effort was made to fight it out.

Finally a porter representative made an amendment to the motion which read as follows: That the contentions of the management at the time be sustained but as the porter has relieved himself of the condition which existed and because of his good record we recommend that he be put back to work.

One of the Negro officials for the first time in the history of the Plan ignored the "high sign" of the other officials and voted for the porter thus giving us a majority vote of six against four.

We left the meeting complimenting ourselves that we had won at least one case and that perhaps the Plan might function after all.

But after eight weeks had passed the aggrieved porter called on me to know why he had not been notified officially of the decision in his case.

I communicated with the General Supervisor at Chicago who replied in a strange way that despite the fact Local Committee had by a majority vote recommended that the porter be put back to work the district superintendent had refused to accept him in the district and the recommendation was overruled.

By following this closely you will find that the superintendent from the outset knew nothing of the merits or demerits in the case.

He came to the district a stranger to the porter, and could only be guided by what he had learned of him from the assistant superintendent who held a personal dislike for the porter.

Besides since the management has an equal representation on the committee, is it not the duty of the management to abide by the decision of a majority vote?

When these arguments were advanced the general supervisor referred the case on his own authority to the Zone General Committee.

Now this Appellate body never meets to discuss grievances, but they are furnished copies of the history of the case by mail, and are requested to vote on it and return at their earliest convenience to the office of the General Supervisor. And so in this remarkable case, the porter received a letter some months afterwards to the effect that the Zone General Committee had voted against his re-employment.

After losing his case twice even though his representatives had won it for him, he attempted to take the matter up with the Industrial Relations Committee. But these haughy, short-sighted, narrow-minded men are too busy riding around in private luxurious cars or basking on the shores of Florida and California in the sunshine of ease, and are not concerned about the grievances of their employees. The porters know by experience that the Industrial Relations Committee is the graveyard of the plan; it is the official pigeon hole department for all grievances, the words "Ye Who Enter In Leave Hope Behind" should be marked over its doors.

Another illustration of the plan in operation is seen by the fact that when a passenger makes a serious charge against a porter, the management expects the porter representatives to accept their version of that passenger's complaint.

While they will interview the passenger, they never permit the porter representatives the right to speak with that passenger or even to know his or her name or address, as the case may be.

It is, therefore, a matter of common knowledge that any disgruntled passenger may accuse a porter or a maid, and they will surely be penalized or dismissed from the service. Passengers May Beat Up Porters. We had a case of a porter who tried to carry out the instuctions of the Pullman Company against crowding the aisle of cars with excess baggage. The company had set forth the claim that passengers were stumbling over baggage, that they were receiving injuries and that lawsuits were being instituted as a result. Any porter whose car was found to carry baggage in the aisle would be penalized or dismissed.

A grouchy looking passenger entered this porter's car while he was waiting for connection with an incoming train. In the middle of the aisle he dropped a travelling bag, and when the porter asked his permission to remove it, he refused. The porter insisted that he must carry out his duty, and when he attempted to remove it he received a stunning blow from the hands of the passenger. He scrambled to his feet and the passenger struck him down again and again. Finally he managed to regain his foothold and according to his own language, "stopped the passenger" with his fists, and stopped him well. The porter was immediately fired and I might add that the assistant superintendent in debating the case for the management said that the Pullman Company could not afford to keep men in service who did not know how to avoid striking back at passengers.

Besides losing his job, the porter suffered the loss of several teeth in the fracas, and it was only after he had allowed his face to be beaten to a pulp with blood flowing profusely from his mouth that he made the final effort to defend himself. Several passengers wrote letters in defense of the porter and there were at least fifteen of them who said that under the circumstances there was nothing else that the porter could have done.

But in the committee meeting 1st Assistant Superintendent Saring ignored the fact that the porter had been struck and made to suffer from the heavy blows of the passenger. In his opinion the porter could not possibly have sustained any injuries from the passenger, but how inhuman it was for the porter to strike back with brute force and with arms of a gorilla.

In the meantime 2nd Assistant Superintendent Brunswick was concerned over the fact that the passenger had sued the Pullman Company for being beaten up by one of their porters. Happily, said he, we managed to settle the matter out of court for a few hundred dollars.

Now the Pullman Company employs the best legal brain in the country, yet they could not find talented men who could fight and win that case. But in order that the company should not have to pay out any more money Brunswick argued that they could not afford to keep such a man in the service any longer, even though he was assaulted first, and had defended himself carrying out a sacred law of the Pullman Company. The bitter arguments that were advanced lasted for several hours during which time the Negro Welfare Worker entered the meeting presumably as a visitor. When the management representatives saw that he would not yield and they also realized that it was not very healthy news to be circulated in the district, they tried to effect a compromise. If the porter representatives would vote with them to sustain the action of

(*Concluded on page* 156)

CARTOONED SIDELIGHTS

IT'S NO USE TRYING TO STOP THESE FELLOWS FROM JOINING THAT UNION.'
'ATTA BOY! YOU'VE GOT THAT PULLMAN OUTFIT ON THE HIP.'
PULLMAN OFFICIALS
'O, LORD - PLEASE MAKE THIS MAN SIGN THAT WHITE FOLKS AGREEMENT.'
BENNIE SMITH
PERRY PARKER
'I CAN NOT, IN JUSTICE TO THE PORTERS WHO ELECTED ME TO REPRESENT THEM — SIGN THAT AGREEMENT.'
THE OPPOSITION
ROAD TO PROGRESS

BOOK REVIEWS

A Thrush at Eve With an Atavistic Wound

FLIGHT, by Walter White. Published by Alfred Knopf. Price, $2.50.

I do not know which is considered the greater literary criminal, he who writes or rather tries to write without first having suitable material or he who has the suitable material and fails to do it justice. In my opinion it is the latter who is the more oafish offender, for it is surely he who is the most inconsiderate of his expectant audiences, and the most persistent prostitutor of his art.

Now: the Negro is supposedly experiencing a cultural and spiritual renaissance, supposedly emerging from restricted zones to air himself in the more exclusive, the more esoteric ateliers. He is supposed to be developing a new type, which type is in turn destined to be a serious contender in the universal race struggle for supremacy. All of this is very well, very interesting, and very necessary, I suppose, to the scheme of things, and it has all been accomplished by a salient use of a salient weapon—*i. e.,* propaganda.

Mr. White is one of the most salient users of this salient weapon, and it is partly because of his strenuous efforts that the alleged inferior Negro has been pushed from the unnoticed back ranks of the national chorus to a principal position on the polyglot American stage. This, remember, has already been done, and the propagandist school to which Mr. White belongs hopes to accomplish much more with this same efficient weapon. I have no quarrel with them on that score, even if I do doubt the continued potency of their weapon, and even if it does seem to me that it is about time for the next step, about time for the ballyhooing to cease and for the genuine performance to begin. However, my only quarrel with this school is that they are wont to consider their written propaganda as literary art. All art no doubt is propaganda, but all propaganda is most certainly not art. And a novel must, to earn the name, be more than a mere social service report, more than a thinly disguised dissertation on racial relationships and racial maladjustments.

Mimi Daquin, the central figure in Mr. White's latest lucubration, should have been an intense, vibrant personality instead of the outlined verbal puppet that she is. She could have been an individual instead of a general type; as it is Mimi is never more than an alphabetic doll regaled in cliche phrases, too wordy sentences, and paragraphs pregnant with frustrated eloquence. When one thinks of the psychological possibilities of such a theme as the author had to work with, one is almost appalled by the superficial and inadequate treatment that the theme receives. As a novelist Mr. White seems somewhat myopic, and it is this narrow vision that keeps his propaganda just outside the gates of literatureland. Mimi, with her complex racial heritage, her complex and heterogenous social milieu, and her duo-racial urge, could have been as complete and as great a literary creation as, say, Emma Bovary, Nana, Candida or the more contemporaneous, if less great, Clara Barron.

But there is no need to continue this tearful jeremiad, for by this time everyone knows that in my opinion Walter White is primarily a propagandist, an earnest one at that, burning up with the desire to show that his people are not inferior merely because their skins are dark, and consumed by the hope that his social service reports will not only assist in the fruition of this desire, but that they will also perchance become staunch literary survivors instead of ephemeral firecrackers. As a premier writer of propaganda, Mr. White deserves a gilt-edged palm, but as a writer of literature he is still the propagandist distinguished only because it is a new departure for an American Negro to brazenly throw lighted Roman candles into the public market places.

However, I recommend that "Flight" be read by all Nordics, all near Nordics, and all non-Nordics, and that it be read frankly as one-sided propaganda. It will irritate the Nordics, induce thought and provide argumentative material for the near Nordics, and salve the aching stings of the non-Nordics. It will also be of inspirative value to ambitious blacks and keep the talented Negro to the forefront, unless the saturation point has already been reached.

And now I hear that inevitable question: "What more could "Flight" have done if it had been one of your so-called works of art?" Which question I refuse to answer in so short a space.

WALLACE THURMAN.

BLACK HARVEST, by I. A. R. Wylie. Published by Doran. Price, $2.50.

I. A. R. Wylie is at once observant and anticipatory. She has seized upon the pregnant spectacle offered by the savage black legions which the civilized European powers utilized in their late war to end war, and has limned an interesting and ingenious tale.

Every time a white novelist undertakes to write of Negro characters that novelist is immediately accused of not having written understandingly of his black subjects. At times this criticism seems indeed justified, and at other times it seems like mere petulant quibbling. Any novelist, *i. e.,* any sincere novelist treats all subjects whether they be white or black, in the light of his experience. It is the insincere novelist that sees his subjects in patterns, and it is he who should be ignored. Then too, no race of people is exactly what it believes itself to be any more than the southern Negro is what either Octavius Roy Cohen or the latter day abolitionists would have you believe him to be. It takes a brave writer indeed in this day and time to attempt to write about any race save the one to which he belongs, and that writer who will not only write contemporaneously about some other race, but will also write speculatively about the future of that race deserves a croix-de-guerre for braving fire, for to fire he will most certainly be subjected.

The present author centers her tale about a "Jung Seigfried," a black product of a rape committed by a Sengalese soldier under the French flag upon a German prostitute. This mullato Messiah has gained the support of Negroes both in America and Africa, and, at a word from him the entire black population of this world is prepared to march to the tune of "Die Wacht und der Rhine." By this grand gesture I gather that both the now conquered Germans and the now dominated blacks will achieve freedom.

However, "Jung Seigfried" is as we know, a black man, and his white conspirators are the conventional type of whites, which means that they are as fully aware of his color as they are aware of his power and ability. They realize that without him theirs is a lost cause, yet it seems that they prefer to remain subjugated rather than admit this man to be their equal.

All of this wrecks havoc upon the nerves of our slightly hysterical Hans Felde, especially when his desire for a woman —a white woman—becomes pitifully potent.

It is to this that our fellow Negroes will object, and mutter the accusation that these terrible white novelists just wont write truthfully about Negroes. Well, what if they don't, as long as Negroes won't write truthfully about themselves or won't recognize themselves when they are presented truthfully?

Hans Felde is not a far-fetched figure. Born, reared and subtly frustrated in and by the milieu the author creates he could not have acted or reacted any differently towards his environmental stimulus. As a character in "Black Harvest," Hans Felde is a truthful one, and that is all that is necessary, for why should he be a general concoction of what Negroes believe to be Negroid virtues?

Yet this novel is far from satisfying or complete. As entertainment or as controversial stimuli it is indeed good, but one expects a little more from a volume so ambitious in theme and so bristling with positive character electrons. Thus "Black Harvest" remains one of those books that everyone should read, speculate upon, discuss, and then forget.

WALLACE THURMAN.

Poopie

(*Continued from page* 136)

when they are awake, when they are asleep Mitsu's wives will be good. Pliffer has spoken!'

"'Mitsu's old wives will be good too much!' cried Tootoo, and she made big eyes at Mitsu's new wife, Poopie, who, mad because Tootoo looked at her that way, made bad faces at her. Tootoo saw Pootie making bad faces and mad got into her head, too. She wanted to bite or scratch Poopie, but afraid to do either she shook her head and cried:

"'Poopie is an infant and her head is empty of know. Will Pliffer's witch-words stay tight in her head. When the witch-doctor smells out Poopie will he say no man has planted banana in her hut?"

"'When Mitsu comes back from the big war,' screamed

Poopie, vexed plenty, 'more better witch-doctor[7] smell out Tootoo, not Poopie.'

"'G-r-r-r!' snarled Tootoo at Poopie.

"'G-r-r-r!' snarled Poopie to Tootoo.

"Tootoo and Poopie made mad palaver at each other plenty, but Tootoo's words were the biggest and heaviest so Poopie soon covered her ears with her hands and ran away, followed by Tootoo and the other wives, all screaming at her.

"'Wow!' cried Mitsu as his wives ran away.

"'Obomo's daughter has eaten pepper too much!' cried Pliffer.

"'Poopie opens her mouth big plenty,' said Mitsu to his brother, Mwamba.

"'O, King,' cried Pliffer, 'You have more know in your head now than you had before the gamble.'

"'Pliffer's words are true,' returned Mitsu, sorry in his face. Turning towards Mwamba and nodding to him, he said, 'King Mitsu loves his brother plenty! Mitsu will give big dash to Mwamba for winning the gamble. Mitsu gives the new hut[8] he built to Mwamba—Mitsu gives Poopie to Mwamba!'

"'Wow!' exclaimed the fetichman; and the fighting-men cried out too.

"Mwamba was glad plenty, but he made sorry come into his face, and he cried:

"'Poopie's mad words made Mwamba's ears tired too much. Mwamba does not want the new hut! Mwamba does not want Poopie. Mwamba wants to go to the big war with his brother, the King!'

"'Mwamba will not go to the big war,' cried the king sternly. 'Mwamba will clean Poopie's head.[9] When Mitsu returns from devouring Booboo, and his people, banana tree[10] shall be planted for Mwamba and Poopie—Mitsu has spoken.' He closed his mouth and looked black at his brother; then, followed by his fightingmen, all singing, dancing and shouting with war-glad, he marched from the palaver ground and out of the town to devour King Booboo.

"As soon as Mitsu was gone Mwamba ran quick to the new hut, and he was scarcely there when Tootoo brought Poopie to its door. The head-wife gave Poopie a good shake, then screaming: 'Mitsu gives 'Little Bush Cat' to Mwamba,' she threw her hard into the hut. Then as Tootoo went away, with a nasty look in her face, Mwamba, who had caught Poopie and was now holding her in his arms, shook his hand closed tight at the back of departing Tootoo.

"'Is Mwamba glad?' cried Poopie, giving the Champion an I-like-you-plenty look.

"'Mwamba is glad too much!" replied Mwamba; and he looked hard at Poopie as if he felt like eating her.

"'Good!' cried the Princess. She squirmed out of Mwamba's arms, then squatted herself and told him to begin knocking the clay from her head.

"Mwamba pulled his knife from its leather sheath at his side, and, using its handle, began cleaning away the hard clay from Poopie's head; and while he was chipping the clay—chipping it easy, easy too much!—, Poopie said:

"'O, Mwamba, Poopie wanted to become your wife too much, so she threw dust into Mitsu's eyes and made him vexed plenty. Mitsu's vex made him give Poopie to Mwamba."

"'Wow!' exclaimed Mwamba. 'Poopie is cunning plenty! Obomo's daughter knows softly catch monkey!' Mwamba cried; and, dropping the stone to the floor, he pulled Poopie into his arms and held her tight."

Whreabo pausing, Boyah, eager to hear the denouement of his tale, cried:

"And, what happened then? Speak!"

"The King must be obeyed!" cried Whreabo. He bowed low to Boyah, then said: "King Mitsu carried his war into the country of King Booboo. Mitsu's witch was not strong as King Booboo's witch so he didn't devour Booboo. Booboo devoured him. Mwamba became King of the Brutoo. Poopie made the Witch-doctor smell out big sin in Tootoo, then take her into the bush. The Witch-doctor came back from the bush, but Tootoo stayed there in an ant hill."

His story now finished, Whreabo hushed; he then again bowed to Boyah, and cried:

"O, great King, now you know the story of Mwamba and Poopie."

"Good!" ejaculated Boyah.

"Good!" echoed the Scratcher.

"Good too much!" cried the Taster.

"Wow! Wow Wow!" yelled the crowd.

"Whreabo," continued Boyah, smiling at the lad, "your story made me glad plenty, and I shall give you a big dash—give you a bunch of beads!"

"Wow!" cried Whreabo, much pleased. "Boyah is a great King. Whreabo has spoken!"

"Bamba," said Boyah, nodding to the fetichman, "you are a good master of the Devil Bush boys. When the new sun dies Boyah will open his ears to drink in another story—Bamba will keep Boyah's command tight in his head!" he added; then, he arose from the golden stool and, followed by his suite, marched from the palaver ground and into his compound.

THE END

NOTES

(1) West African kings as a rule are afraid to eat cooked food until after "witch" has been taken away from it, that is, not until the food has been tasted by an official taster. If the taster suffers no harm from tasting, the king eats with confidence.

(2) Some of the West African tribes have a law which makes it a crime for their kings to scratch themselves; therefore they have official scratchers.

(3) The Devil Bush is a West African native educational institution for boys. Its principal, aged and experienced, is sometimes called Devil-man, sometimes Country Devil. The boys are taught weaving, smelting, plaiting, hunting and fishing, warfare, and various other things. Story-telling, both by narration and character acting, stands practically at the head of the list of studies, and the scholars frequently are required to amuse the king by telling him folklore tales.

(4) The Gree Gree Bush, presided over by an old woman called Gree Gree Bush Devil, is a school wherein young girls are taught the duties of womanhood. These girls are sacred; in fact, in some tribes, it is a capital offence even to glance at one of them.

(5) The tiny horn of the water deer hanging from a string around a young girl's neck indicates that she is a member of the Gree Gree Bush.

(6) Nynnegies (English: water tigers) are a group of criminals escaped from justice who prey upon travelers, and, when numerous enough, loot weak towns.

(7) Witch-doctors are cunning and aged individuals supposedly able to discover whether a wife has been unfaithful to her husband by smelling out her sin. He is very venal.

(8) When a man marries a girl fresh from the Gree Gree Bush, he places her in a hut newly built especially for her to live in.

(9) When a girl first enters the Gree Gree Bush, all hair is shaved (more often than not with a piece of glass) from her head. Thereafter, her skull is bathed, twice each day, in a mixture made of clay and water, which, in time, forms a hard coat covering the girl's head. This hard coat must be removed by the girl's first husband before the marriage is consummated, and if he draws a drop of blood from his wife's head while removing the clay, he pays a heavy fine to the witch-doctor.

(10) A banana plant is planted immediately after the husband has removed all the clay from his wife's head. If he is dissatisfied with his wife when the banana plant bears fruit, he is privileged to send her back to her parents and to demand from them all he paid for her.

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Letters of Davy Carr

(*Continued from page* 142)

days is more than I can endure. So I *think* I shall go without saying anything, and then write her what I have to say. I am counting on seeing Mrs. Rhodes and Genevieve in the morning. They will be early astir, since it is Saturday, and Caroline will be sleeping late, after the party. As for Tommie, I have made up my mind to tell her, and put her on oath not to divulge my secret. If she says she won't tell, she won't.

As I write Tommie has just come in. I can hear her voice from below stairs. She promised to come and give Caroline the 'once over' in her new party gown. I know there are going to be some beautifully dressed women there tonight. I wish you might be here, for more than one reason.

* * * * *

Tommie interrupted me just as I finished the preceding sentence, to say that she would be ready to go in a half hour, and that Caroline is going to be the belle of the ball, unless, to use Tommie's own words, 'the men are stone blind.' Then, when I said I was writing to you, she added, "Give all my love to Bob, and tell him I am

going to miss him a whole lot tonight." She started to leave the room, then stopped suddenly, and came over to me, and sat on the arm of my big chair, just as Caroline used to do. She put her right arm over my shoulders, and with her left hand tilted up my chin and looked me hard in the eyes. It took all my will power to return her gaze without flinching.

"What's the matter, Davy dear? Something has been worrying you for days, and it is beginning to worry me, too. Can't you tell me?"

I had a dreadful temptation to tell her everything. But that innate quality of stubbornness, which seems a permanent attribute of the Carr family, whispered to me to hold on a while longer. So I forced a smile, and shook my head.

"Not even *me*, Davy?"

When Tommie said that I almost succumbed, for she so seldom uses the power of her personal charm that when she does the effect is wellnigh irresistible.

"No, Tommie, not even *you*, and when I say that I am saying about all there is to be said. But it is sweet in you to be interested, and to ask."

"It is nothing more than natural. I am very fond of you, Davy—for three reasons."

"Thanks! *Three* is a lot, Tommie! Name the first one."

"You!" she responded smiling. I sketched a bow as gracefully as I could from a sitting posture.

"Thank you kindly, dear lady! Name the second."

"Bob Fletcher."

"The Third."

Tommie smiled and shook her head. "I can't tell you that," she said. Nor could I budge her from her determination. She sat for a moment looking at me, with her pretty forehead in a pucker. Then she ran her fingers caressingly through my hair.

"Davy, Bob says you beat the original army mule for stubbornness, and sometimes I think he is right. What a hard, unyielding jaw you have, my friend." And as she spoke, she tapped playfully with her velvety little fist on what Dr. Morrow would call my inferior maxillary, and leaving her perch on the arm of my chair, hastened downstairs to Caroline.

So Caroline is to be the belle of the ball. God knows I know that without being told, and I might be happier tonight if I were stone blind. For it's going to be torture to see her swinging on another man's arm, and dancing with other men, and receiving their admiring glances, and laughing at their flattering speeches, while I have to sit like an owl—it was an owl, was it not, to which she compared me?—and eat my heart out without even one of the easy smiles she lavishes upon all comers! Feel sorry for me, Bob! I feel sorry for myself!

I am going to smoke now until Tommie calls me. I would give half of my kingdom for a drink, but I have a particular dislike for a man who drinks before going to a dance with nice women, so I shall have to buck up without using any stimulant. Thank goodness, in a few hours it will be over! After that—quien sabe, amigo? I feel, somehow, like a man with his foot on the lower step of the gallows, or like the gladiators entering the arena and saluting the emperor: *"Nos morituri vos salutamus!"* It is 9:45, and Tommie will be calling me in a few minutes, I know. So I shall stop here.

I had planned to hold this letter open until I return from the party, but on second thought I guess I shall close it now, and mail it to you as I go out, so that it will reach you tomorrow. If there is anything of particular interest to add, I shall send you a few lines by special delivery in the morning.

Wish me good luck, Old Pal! The zero hour held nothing compared to my feelings as I write these lines. I can easily imagine the sensations of a poor devil when the sheriff, accompanied by the gallows party, comes to read the death warrant. Well, you see I can joke, anyway. So here goes with a smile!

Your unfortunate friend,

DAVY.

Our Expose of the Employee Representation Plan

(*Concluded from page* 152)

the management, they would sign a letter of recommendation that he be put back to work.

The porter representatives were suspicious. Something seemed hazy about that suggestion. Perhaps it would be best that the porter representatives be given time to decide on the offer among themselves and a three minute recess was granted. Immediately after sessions were resumed, Assistant Superintendent Saring was on his feet asking to withdraw the so-called gentlemen's agreement.

While the porter representatives were in recess, the Negro Welfare Worker had whispered in the ears of the management representatives that he knew of a case when the same porter had beaten up a passenger for calling him a "Nigger."

I attempted to block the report on the ground that it was "unofficial" and that all evidence on the case had been closed, but to no avail. Brunswick and Saring were obdurate, and an adjournment was called as the best means of avoiding some unpleasantness that was in the atmosphere.

Some weeks after, however, the management representatives signed the recommendation of Mercy and the porter was put back to work.

Representatives for Porters Can't Hold Meetings Under Employee Representation Plan. Wholly because of the fact that the plan had been in operation for more than three years, and the porters and maids were not familiar with any of its laws or how to protect themselves against mistreatment, I started a series of meetings which were for the purpose of analyzing every rule, and to listen to suggestions, recommendations, and petitions which the employees might make.

Rule 9 (a) of the agreement states that suggestions, recommendations and grievances and all other questions which arise as to working conditions under these rules, and such other matters as may be of importance to the welfare of the employees shall be handled in accordance with the Plan of Employee Representation.

According to the interpretation of Mr. F. L. Simmons, General Supervisor, which however he has since failed to put in writing, any petition containing signatures of over 51 per cent of the porters and maids in any district, would be given consideration by the management.

But the superintendent at the time feared that his czar like method of dealing with the men would prove disastrous if agitation started under their own plan. If petitions could not help to reduce men like Jimmie Mitchell of Penn. Terminal district from a superman to a man, then of what earthly good is the plan!

Besides it was clear that a campaign of education would have a tendency to shoot too many holes in the plan, and call once and for all the gigantic bluff of the Pullman Company.

The late Mr. E. E. Cooke called me down to his office and demanded that I should not hold the meetings. I argued that these meetings were to be held under the auspices of the Employee Representation Plan and that I was not violating any of the laws of the company.

I insisted that I would carry on the work, but after speaking twice in New York and twice in Boston, I was ordered to return and a letter from Mr. Simmons, the General Supervisor, made it clear to me that I would be dismissed if I did not cease my activities.

The Employee Representative Plan has failed in every district in the United States. During my campaign twice I found that the porters and maids are bitter against it, and the claim set forth by the Pullman Company that over eighty per cent of these classes of Employees have accepted it should be investigated by some government agency who I am reasonably sure will prove conclusively to the world that it is a farce.

BEREAN SCHOOL
DAY, COMMERCIAL NIGHT, TRADES
Second Semester, February 9, 1926
CLASSES NOW FORMING
Write the Principal
MATTHEW ANDERSON
S. College Ave. Philadelphia, Pa.

TO THE ORGANIZING COMMITTEES

Brothers and Fellow Workers:

Since we left your district, it is with great pleasure that I can announce that the Movement has been going steadily forward. Everywhere a high crusading spirit is being sustained with a remarkable and assuring constancy. May I say that the permanence and progressive development of the Organization depend upon the intelligence, initiative and spirit of loyalty of the Organizing Committees, the centers of thought and action, the eyes and ears of the Movement. Responsibility and power for the execution of organizational policies reside in your hands. May I urge that you keep ever vigilant over the affairs of your district so that you will be always prepared to handle the situation with firmness, intelligence and wisdom. Our success will depend upon your scrupulous observance of the fact that:

First, the Organizing Committee is a secret body. Its membership and deliberations are to be held with the utmost secrecy. Only the local Secretary-Treasurer shall have access to and sit in the meetings of the Committee, or such other representative as shall be duly authorized by the General Organizer. This policy is dictated by the special and peculiar conditions under which the Movement was projected and must so continue to proceed until it comes into the open. Its primary object is to protect the interests of the membership.

Second, The Organizing Committee shall spare no pains in seeing to it that the district is organized 100%, that every porter in the district gets his membership card. There is a way tactfully to bring pressure to bear on the slacker-porter. May I advise, however, that, in no case, should intimidation or coercion be used. Our policy must always be to appeal to the intelligence of the men, the public and the Pullman Company.

Third, The Organizing Committee shall industriously urge the members of the Brotherhood to keep up their dues. One need not emphasize the fact that unless the dues of the members of an organization are kept up, it can not last. Dues are to an organization what taxes are to a government, they are the economic blood, the prop, the mainstay. These dues help the porters to pay their dues in their churches and lodges.

Fourth, The Committee shall also urge that the Brotherhood men do not talk too freely among themselves while on duty, that they refrain from telling the Company officials or passengers anything about their relations to the Movement, that they think hard, but say little.

Fifth, The Committee shall use its moral influence to impress the men with the fact that they must give better service now than ever before, that they must make time, be industrious and responsible; that the purpose of the Union is not to protect a porter who will not give service or who deliberately violates the rules and regulations of the company, but that each man must show himself worthy of the rights and privileges he is seeking through the Organization. Diligently impress the porters with the viewpoint that with rights and privileges go duties and responsibilities.

Sixth, It is the policy of the Movement that no porter be permitted to speak in the public meetings, fearing lest he be victimized by some of the Company Agents. The men must be advised not to permit their enthusiasm to run away with their better judgment. Advise them to permit their leaders to speak and suffer for them, if, indeed, anyone must suffer.

Seventh, The Committee shall advise and urge that the porters respect the Company officials, both white and black, that they refrain from speaking disrespectfully of said officials. The success of the movement does not depend upon abusing anyone. It must rise or fall upon a basis of the justice and merit of its programme, the loyalty of its members and the intelligence, responsibility, initiative, courage and honesty of its leadership.

Eighth, Advise the men not to rely upon the truth of reports, rumors and propaganda that they see in the publications of those who are interested in misrepresenting the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, but that they should seek their information from the responsible heads of the Movement.

Ninth, Advise the men that their monies are being used for the promotion and development of the organization, the printing of literature, maintenance of general headquarters, branch offices, the paying of the expenses of travel and upkeep and pay of the organizers and regular workers in the Movement, that a certified public accountant surveys the books of the Organization with a view to insuring their accuracy; that the officials who handle the funds of the Union are bonded.

Tenth, The Local Secretary-Treasurer shall confer periodically, that is, twice a month, with the organizing committee, or as often as the committee shall require. The Committee shall meet twice a month. It shall so change the dates of meeting from time to time as to enable the members who are out on the road during one Committee meeting to be in at the next.

Eleventh, The Committee shall seek to maintain a spirit of harmony and concord in its meetings and among the men. It shall frown upon the discussion of personalities that is calculated to foster and engender bitterness of feeling, of trivial and petty matters that do not make for the development and advancement of the organization.

Twelfth, The Local Secretary-Treasurer shall serve as the open spokesman for the Brotherhood in the district. The local Committee's policies shall be presented through him except where there is an organizer who is authorized to present same.

Thirteenth, The Organizing Committee shall see to it that the Local Secretary-Treasurer holds at least one public meeting a month; more, of course, are permissible.

Fourteenth, the Committee shall advise the men through the proper form that the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters is not affiliated with any organization, although it has the moral support of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, The American Federation of Labor, The Big Four Brotherhoods, The National Urban League, The Brotherhood of Federal Employees, The Civic Club of New York, etc.

Fifteenth, The Committee shall advise that the men do not misrepresent the Company; that they truthfully report the facts of a case in which they may chance to be involved. Impress upon them the fact that the Brotherhood cannot effectively protect and represent their interests unless it knows the true state of facts relative to any case. Again there is nothing to be gained by misrepresenting the Company. The reaction to misrepresentation is more injurious than beneficial. We must adhere to truth and right and we can not fail.

Sixteenth, The Organizing Committee must control and dominate by its superior intelligence and moral influence, the election of every delegate to any convention or meeting which relates to the interests of the Pullman Porters.

Your faithful servant,

A. PHILIP RANDOLPH,
General Organizer.

Writers Attention!

The editors of The Messenger desire short stories of Negro life and will pay liberally for those found available for publication. Stories of love or adventure are preferred but no type of good story is barred.

Manuscripts should be accompanied by self addressed envelope and stamps for return postage in case they are found unavailable.

Stories of from 2,000 to 4,000 words are most desired.

The Hundred Per Cent Pullman Porter

Service and Justice to All

I.

He reports for duty on time and is businesslike.

II.

He respects the positions of his superior officers and commands respect in return.

III.

He performs his duty without being driven.

IV.

He is manly, courteous and respectful, but never cringing or servile.

V.

He is a firm believer in giving equal service to all patrons of the Company.

VI.

He is honest and sober, tactful and patient, and anticipates the wishes of patrons without annoying.

VII.

He is a porter and not a clown who tries to substitute service for monkey-shines.

VIII.

He is not a coward or a liar and is willing to acknowledge his blunders, errors, or oversights, if they occur—he is human.

IX.

He believes in seniority and not in pull and special privileges.

X.

He puts a definite value on his good services and expects in return a living wage from his employer.

XI.

He is merely human with all that it implies, and resents injustice and oppression.

XII.

He is progressive and believes in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man—he is never a stool-pigeon.

XIII.

HE IS, THEREFORE, A STAUNCH MEMBER AND SUPPORTER OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF SLEEPING CAR PORTERS.

XIV.

Are you? If not, go to your Local Secretary-treasurer or to 2311 Seventh Avenue and become a real man and brother.

The Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters

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Alain Locke

writes in this issue on

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Russianizing American Education
By SCOTT NEARING

The War Guilt in 1926
By HARRY ELMER BARNES

Social Change and the Sentimental Comedy
By V. F. CALVERTON

Rationalization and Eugenics
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Name .....

Address .....

Open Forum

Mr. A. Philip Randolph, Friday, March 19, 1926.
c/o Bronx Hotel,
Los Angeles, Calif.

My dear brother Randolph:

This missive is just to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of remembrance under date of March 13 instant.

I assure you that I appreciate those personal letters you send me from time to time. From them I get inside information, about your activities and the progress of the "Brotherhood," that I couldn't possibly get in any other way. And besides, your letters furnish me with reliable first hand information with which I am able to combat and counteract the false reports and fake propaganda, put out by the Company in their laborious, but failing effort, to chloroform the Pullman Porters against their own best interest.

I note, with absorbing interest, the fact that your are appearing and addressing the faculties and student bodies of the leading colleges and universities of our beloved native land. That fact alone is conclusive evidence, and proof positive, that you are the spokesman and the leader of the new Negro in America. Amongst twelve million Negroes in the United States, you are an intellectual oasis upon a desert of ignorance. In your efforts to fertilize this desert with knowledge and intelligence, future historians will place your name above that of all other Negro leaders.

You are doing a great work and fighting a good fight. I am proud of the opportunity to follow such intelligent leadership. I stand ready and willing to make any sacrifice to advance the cause of my people—the cause of "those who toil," is the cause of my people.

I believe that when you return to St. Louis you will find many new converts to our cause. We have adopted in St. Louis the slogan, "Long Live the Brotherhood," in our efforts to make the future of the New Negro brighter.

Hoping to see you again when you return to St. Louis, I am,

Yours fraternally,

A PORTER.

P. S.—I mailed today a money order to the amount of $1.75, addressed to the Messenger Publishing Co., New York City, as my subscription to the :"World's Greatest Negro Monthly" THE MESSENGER.

St. Paul, Minnesota,
April 28, 1926.

The Trades and Labor Assembly in regular session having heard the local secretary and treasurer in a discussion of the plans and hopes of a new Union known as the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, here make known that

WHEREAS, the B. of S. C. P. have gone so far as to organize a National body and successfully signed up and received initiation fees from more than fifty-one (51%) per cent of the workers in that capacity and are collecting dues each month from each member, and that

WHEREAS, they are now forming a local lodge in St. Paul, and meeting with the usual trials and setbacks as attend such attempts, be it here

Resolved, that this body give them whatever support it has in its power to further the movement and be it further

Resolved, that this body give as much publicity of this action in the local press as is possible under the existing conditions.

The Trades and Labor Assembly properly adopted this Resolution.

Hon. Chandler Owen,
c/o THE MESSENGER
2311—7th Avenue,
New York City.

My dear Mr. Owen:—

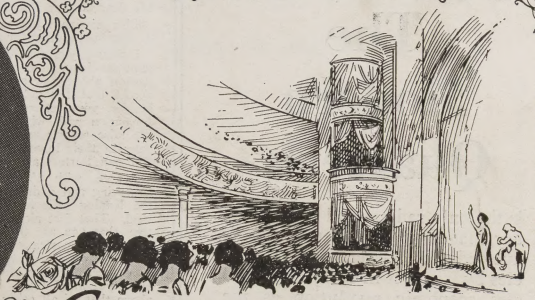
I have just been reading the "MESSENGER" and I enjoyed it very much, but when I got through reading your article on William J. Bryan, I just had to stop and write you and compliment you. You just got Bryan down right.

Will enjoy reading after Randolph also. He certainly sets down on those birds hard; Roscoe, Perry Howard, etals—and he is just right.

Yours sincerely,

C. H. JAMES.

P. S. Let me say the MESSENGER is one of the best magazines in the country.



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